

# THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

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## A Foreword.

### URGENT BUT NOT EXPOSITORY.

THE war has been a disappointment. Before it began there had been for some time a depression in religion. Church-going was falling off. There seemed to be so little to go to church for. Meetings for prayer had often to be abandoned.

When the war began it was believed that all that would be changed. It was thought that men would go to the House of God in order to understand the meaning of the calamity of war. Women, it was confidently expected, would go for strength and consolation. It has all been a disappointment. After two and a half years of war, and unparalleled suffering, religion in the land is as lifeless as ever.

The churches are in very many cases not so well attended as they were before the war. And that is not to be accounted for altogether by the fact that many men are fighting and many women working at the time when they used to be at church. The interest of public worship is difficult to maintain. So difficult is it felt to be that on every hand one hears of the impossibility of carrying it on after the war as it now is. And there is no difference between the service that follows a prescribed ritual and the service that does not. Whatever happens, says one, we cannot continue the present Morning and Evening Prayers. Whatever happens, says the

other, we cannot continue to preach the same theological sermons.

Those are the remedies proposed—a shorter Prayer-book service, if the Prayer-book is to be retained at all; or shorter sermons and shorter prayers, and all very practical and up to date. What the war has not done is to be accomplished, ‘as soon as the men come back,’ by a radical reformation of our present *form of worship*.

And yet the very men who propose this reformation do not believe in it. How could they believe in it? Has it been recorded in all the history of the world that a reformation of religion took place through changing the forms of public worship? These forms are the expression of religious life. Change the life, waken the dead into life, and it will find its own forms of expression. But to expect a revival of religion by curtailing the sermon or the prayers is to expect a new lease of life by changing out of a frock-coat into a jacket.

Religion is at a low ebb among us because we are playing with it. We are playing with it; we are not practising it. We know that without morality religion is nothing, a mere pretence before men, a foolish mockery in the face of God. We profess



astonishment and bitter disappointment that the services of God's House are so unattractive—though we try so hard to make them attractive. We know of course that nothing that we can do will give new life to religion, or new interest in religious exercises. It is the Spirit of God that must do it. And all the while we are making it impossible for God to do anything for us. We are trying to ascend into the hill of the Lord, we are trying to stand in His holy place, *without clean hands*.

‘Hear the word of the LORD, ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah.

‘To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the LORD: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats.

‘When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts?

‘Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting.

‘Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them.

‘And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood.’

‘Your hands are full of blood.’ We have been often told, and we all believe it, that the war would be ended sooner if we were to put an end to the selling of alcoholic drink. Well, let us say that by stopping the sale of alcohol we could put an end to the war just one day sooner. We open our morning newspaper. The first news we turn to is the list of the killed, wounded, and missing. Its daily average is three thousand or a little over. *The blood of these three thousand is on our hands*. And they are British only. There is also the daily French list, the Russian list, the Italian list, the

Roumanian list. Our hands are full of blood. Isaiah the prophet might have written his inescapable condemnation of you and me, of you and me by name; it fits us perfectly. Our hands are full of blood.

And what is this daily toll at the various war-fronts to the daily demand this sale makes at home? We listen to the occasional official reports and we pretend to be satisfied. But we know better. The local papers—the great dailies have no room, but the local papers are heart-rending reading in these days. This is yesterday's edition of one local paper. The father goes to the war. He leaves his work and his home. His wife gets her allowance from the War Office. She never had so much free cash in her hands before. She takes to drinking. A man is accepted as lodger—they could do without lodgers formerly. The woman and he live together. The daughter discovers the adultery. There is a divorce. That soldier returns to a ruined home. His children go out to the world dishonoured and ashamed. The mother, a well-doing woman till she took to drinking, becomes an abandoned wreck. Who profits by the transaction? Those only who have some interest in the sale of alcohol.

But do we mean to say that the Church of Christ can put an end to the sale of strong drink? That is what we mean to say. If the Church, or, let us say if you like, the Churches, in this land would resolve to do it, they could put an end to the sale of intoxicants within a week. The Prime Minister is ready. If the Government knew that the Christian people of the land were ready and determined they would not withstand them for a day.

And what would it be for the Church? If we were to speak for Scotland alone, we should say, without fear of contradiction, that the Church has not had such an opportunity in that land since the Reformation. We do not forget the Covenanting Struggle or the Ten Years' Conflict. But now the issue is greater. More persons are concerned



in it. They are concerned in it more radically. God has more interest in it. We want a revival of religion. We are actually praying for it. Yet many of us are doing nothing that is worth speaking about to put an end to this sale. Cleanse your hands, ye praying sinners. Not till then will the revival come.

Why are we doing so little to bring this traffic to an end? Well, some of us are interested in it. As the Chief Magistrate of a northern city said naïvely to a deputation, 'You must remember that a great many private persons have an interest in the drink trade.' Then some of us are self-indulgent. We are Christians of a sort, and we do not see the absurdity of belonging to this wholly new type of Christianity—the Christianity of the self-indulgent. And last of all we have too little imagination.

We have too little imagination. One night a man whom we know was on his way home. It was late—about the time when in those days the public-houses closed. He noticed two children standing at the mouth of a close. When he asked them what they were doing there at that time of night, their answer was, 'We are waiting to see if our father is owre drunk to lick us.'

Our friend was well-meaning. He was a moderate drinker certainly, and had even repeated on occasion the jovial remark that the most in-

temperate people he knew were the temperance people. He was a well-meaning man without much imagination. But that sight arrested him. Those little girls were waiting to see if they could go to bed without the fear of a half-drunk father letting loose his maddened temper upon them. They were praying to God, in their own way, that He would not let their father out of the public-house until he was helplessly drunk.

Some time ago Lord Rosebery told us that if the country did not throttle the drink traffic, the drink traffic would throttle the country. Has the war come to give it its opportunity? There are those who think so. We do not ourselves believe it for a moment. But one thing is certain. If the Church of God in this land does not throttle the drink traffic, the drink traffic will throttle the Church. And there is little time to lose. We believe that the drink traffic will be throttled. God's in His heaven: we cannot believe that He should send this great nation down to the company of the extinct nations of the earth while yet it has so great a work to do for righteousness. But how will it be if the nation is saved by others? How if it is saved by the shipbuilders on the Clyde? 'For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?'

## Notes of Recent Exposition.

RECENT events have led men to cast doubt on the worth of the specialist. The doubt will pass with the events. The Rev. A. Lukyn WILLIAMS, D.D., Canon of Ely, is a specialist. He has given a long life (Bishop Chase speaks of 'a friendship which is "hastening to fulfil" its fortieth year') to the study of Christianity in its relation to the Jews. The field is limited, and he has mastered

it. He was chosen to deliver twelve lectures before the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn on the Foundation of Bishop Warburton. He chose as the subject of lecture *The Hebrew-Christian Messiah* (S.P.C.K.; 10s. 6d. net).

By 'the Hebrew-Christian Messiah' Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS means 'the presentation of the Messiah



to the Jews in the Gospel according to St. Matthew.' It is a limited subject and it is a large book. But then it is all here. The innumerable little books that have been written about it may be removed from their place and put away. It is all here, and authoritatively. And, if it is a limited subject, it is after all a subject great enough to repay the special study of a man's long lifetime.

One of the things which have arrested the attention of Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS in his study of St. Matthew's Gospel is the fact that St. Matthew believed in the divinity of Jesus. There seems to be nothing in all the First Gospel that has astonished him more. For St. Matthew was a Jew. If you interject that the First Gospel was not written by St. Matthew, it makes no difference. The writer was a Jew. How did a pious and loyal Israelite come to believe that the man whom he knew on earth as Jesus of Nazareth was God?

The superficial reader of the history of religion tells us that belief in the deification of men was common at the time when the Gospel according to St. Matthew was written. And no doubt it was common, quite common, among the Greeks and the Romans. But no one believes that St. Matthew or those about him were in the least degree affected by what was done in Athens or in Rome. They were Jews. They were not even Hellenists—though there is no evidence that even the Hellenists ever thought of deifying men. St. Matthew and the first Christians were Jews of Palestine, monotheistic to the backbone, not in the least likely to be affected by heathenism.

Yet St. Matthew believed that Jesus was divine. He believed that He was greater than the angels. He believed that He was on an equality with the Father. How did he come by such a creed? And when?

Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS does not believe that he arrived at this belief during our Lord's earthly

life. He may have accepted St. Peter's acknowledgment of Jesus as the Messiah, the Son of the living God. But St. Peter himself by this acknowledgment came far short of belief in the full Godhead of Jesus. 'During the earthly life of Jesus of Nazareth, St. Matthew received the impression of Him as a unique personality, quite above and beyond any other he had seen, but he never regarded Him as God.'

The Resurrection must have made a difference—partly the fact itself, partly the words of the risen Master. 'For now the Twelve, with the other believers, knew that Jesus was on so high a pedestal that all authority in heaven and earth was given to Him, and that His presence with His people was assured to them all the days until the completion of this current age.'

And if the Resurrection did much, Pentecost did more. But Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS believes that it was not till after Pentecost that St. Matthew was able to express in identical terms the mutual knowledge of the Father and the Son. Putting it as he hopes 'with no suspicion of irreverence,' he says that 'the doctrine of the full divinity of Jesus was the result of holy thought and meditation guided by the Spirit. Then, and only then, after, it may be, weeks or months, or possibly a few years (though we have no hint that the time was so long), the value and the purpose of Jesus' life, words, death, and resurrection were at last understood.' And thus it came to pass that 'in spite of St. Matthew's strict monotheism, which brooked no tampering with the deification of men, the pressure of the events of our Lord's life, together with His teaching, compelled him to come to the amazing conclusion that Jesus was not only the Son of David, and the Son of man, but even the Son of God, in the highest meaning of that supreme title.' To strengthen that faith in his readers was one of the reasons why he wrote the First Gospel.

Well, it is something to know how St. Matthew



came to believe in the divinity of our Lord. But it is not everything. Much more important for us is the question, How do we ourselves come to believe in it?

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Some will answer, in the words of the children's hymn, because 'the Bible tells me so.' And some in words that are just as childish, 'because the Church has included the divinity of Jesus Christ in its creeds.' Which of these answers does Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS give?

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'Not because St. Matthew said He was. Nor because the other Apostles said so. Nor because all the writers of the New Testament said the same thing. Nor, again, because the Church tells us so. We each started with this reason, no doubt. When we were children we were bound to believe what we were told, if we were to arrive at any creed or knowledge worth holding or knowing. But for grown and intelligent men to believe so stupendous an assertion as the divinity of Jesus solely on the strength of another man's belief, or on the belief of others, countless though these be as the grains of sand along the shore, and united though they are by a spiritual tie so close and living that it is compared in Scripture to that of the various members of a human being—number and size do not count against one immortal mind—is to abdicate the functions of discernment and decision implanted in us by God. By all means let us give weight, due and proper, to the authority of numbers and of moral superiority; but to accept a truth solely because of what others say, without making any effort to understand the principles that have guided them to accept what they now offer us—this is to despise the inheritance of sanity, the awful gifts of will and choice. To accept blindly a *quantum* of dogma at the bidding even of Holy Church is what no man, above all no Christian man, is called upon to do. That is but a false humility which urges us towards it.'

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The paragraph is worth quoting. It is worth

quoting to the end. There is no more loyal 'Churchman' living than Dr. Lukyn WILLIAMS; there is no 'Biblical Christian' that is more reverent than he. But he is a man, with a man's responsibilities. And the first of all his responsibilities is responsibility for what he believes. If he believes in the divinity of Christ it is because the facts of history, interpreted as he is able to interpret them, compel him to that belief.

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'Can we, then,' he asks, 'as thinking men, believe in the divinity of Jesus? I answer that the question is rather: Can we help believing in it, if we accept the Gospel narrative as substantially correct? And, further, I will say, treat the narrative as critically as you may; remove, if canons of historical criticism demand it, saying after saying, and explain away miracle after miracle, strictly in accordance with scientific knowledge; cast everything into the crucible of the severest tests possible, without bias either for or against the miraculous, or for or against Christian dogma, if such freedom from bias can be found, and the residuum is that One still stands out before us unique in history for the powers He displayed over disease and nature; for the holiness He exhibited in every place and in all circumstances; for the continuous communion He enjoyed with His Father in heaven; for the love which prompted Him to give at last His very life for others; for the triumph He gained after death—One who claimed to be above angels, and even to be on an equality with God; One upon whom the earliest Christian Church, the society of the first believing Jews, was built, and in Whom, as they affirmed, they obtained pardon and peace and power, in a word, eternal life.'

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Such is He whom the Gospels give us—the Gospels as a modern scholar must receive them. Who was He? Was He a good Jew, put to death for reforming tendencies? The books that tell His story are Gospels—what Gospel would there



be in that? Was He a man in advance of His age—so far in advance that millenniums may pass before there arises another like Him? The difference is not enough. He stands apart, not in time, but in conception. Time will pass, but we do not look for the man who will one day stand beside Him.

Who was He? Was He the one man among men so filled with the Spirit of God that He became the revelation of the Most High—the express image of His person? You may as well fall down and worship Him at once. For that is the very man of whom Thomas said, 'My Lord and my God.'

And if you ask why you should fall down and worship Him, if you ask why you should name Him God, the answer is, Because He has power on earth to forgive sins. 'When we study the Gospel of St. Matthew, it is evident that the Son of God is come not only to exhibit God's holiness and love, but to do so with the express object of freeing us men from sin. Whatever may be said for the belief that the Incarnation would have taken place even if sin had had no power over us—and there is much to be said for it—the Gospel of St. Matthew knows nothing of this. We read instead, in the first chapter, that the Son of the Blessed Virgin shall be called "Jesus, for it is he that shall save his people from their sins"; and in the twentieth, that Jesus Himself says, He came "to give his life a ransom for many." To us, sinful people, saved by the Incarnation of the Son of God, and by that alone, His coming is the everlasting subject of our gratitude and praise.'

It is Christopher Harvey, near the middle of the seventeenth century, who sings:

Alas! shall I present

My sinfulness

To Thee? Thou wilt resent

The loathsomeness.

'Be not afraid, I'll take

Thy sins on Me,

And all My favour make

To shine on thee.'

Lord, what Thou'lt have me, Thou must make me.

'As I have made thee now, I take thee.'

What is meant by 'the second death'? 'He that overcometh shall inherit these things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. But for the fearful, and unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and fornicators, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, their part shall be in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death.' What is this second death? Turn to Provost Erskine HILL's *Apocalyptic Problems* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net) and you will see.

The Seer of the Apocalypse has three worlds within his ken. He has the physical, the emotional, and the mental worlds. The symbols of the book standing for these three worlds are the earth, the sea, and the air. But we may ignore the symbols now. The Seer has these three worlds within his ken. And so have we.

First we have the physical world. Our correspondence with it depends on the possession of a physical body endowed with senses which enable our consciousness to respond to the vibrations of that world. But our consciousness also responds to vibrations coming from the emotional and the mental worlds. How can that be unless we have some sort of emotional body and some sort of mental body which correspond to our physical body? We do not see these bodies. We do not taste or handle them. We simply postulate their existence because we cannot explain the facts of our consciousness without them, just as the scientist postulates the existence of ether because he cannot explain the phenomena of light without it.

We call the physical body the real or objective



body, because it belongs to this world. The emotional and mental bodies we call subjective, because they belong to the world that is to come. But the one is as real as the other, if only we could realize it. Macbeth's dagger was indeed 'a dagger of the mind,' as Lady Macbeth called it. The guilty Thane could not 'clutch' it with his hand. But if he had laid aside the physical body, if he had laid it aside simply by dying, then the dagger of the mind might have been as visible, and to some subtler grasp of the hand as 'clutchable' as any 'real' dagger here.

We put off the physical body in death. Are we then bodiless? No; we are clothed upon with an emotional body. We are not clothed upon with a mental body at once. But we are at once clothed upon with an emotional body. It is a body which depends upon the emotional life we have lived in this world. It depends upon the desires we have felt and the encouragement we have given them. 'Here, let us suppose, is a man who is continually brooding on what is vile. He listens eagerly to what is evil. He has "eyes that cannot cease from sin." He gives free rein to every passion, he stimulates and gratifies natural cravings and creates others which are artificial, using his body meanwhile as the instrument through which these desires, gaining strength from day to day, find their gratification. Every such desire contributes to build up in him an emotional body, tuned, so to speak, only to respond to vibrations which are evil.' And when that man finds himself in the other world he will find himself 'clothed upon' with a body which corresponds in its degradation to those desires and cravings which he indulged on earth.

What is he to do now? He must be 'tormented in this flame,' as the rich man was. He must suffer as Tantalus suffered, or as the Gluttons in the Purgatorio suffered, until he is purged of his evil desires and inclinations. When that time comes he will be allowed to put off the emotional

body, as once he put off the physical. He will die a second death.

But if a man's desires on earth have been pure, and lovely, and of good report; or if he has overcome other desires by self-restraint and surrender to God, he will be clothed upon, when he passes into the other world, with the mental body, if not at once, at least after a short and comparatively painless experience of the emotional body. For the mental body is the body of those saints in light over whom the second death has no power.

Now if this speculation of Provost Erskine HILL explains anything it explains much more than the second death. It explains the conditions of that life upon which we enter with the death of the body.

Provost Erskine HILL believes that when we lay aside this present physical body we pass to an existence which does not differ in any serious respect or degree from our present existence. In other words, he believes in what is called continuity. He believes in the continuity of the life to come with the life that now is. As we are, so we find ourselves. We are caught, as it were, at the point of departure, and told to proceed from that point, by whatever painful steps and slow we are fit for.

That is a much greater matter than the matter of the second death. We may accept, or we may reject, Provost Erskine HILL's ingenious interpretation of the second death without being seriously disturbed. But we cannot accept his theory of continuity without having our ideas of the life to come profoundly modified. And not only our ideas of the life to come, but also our attitude to Christ and all that He said about the life to come.

There has just been published a small book by Dr. James DENNEY, Principal of the United Free Church College in Glasgow, on *War and the Fear*



of God (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). It is a reprint of a few articles contributed to *The British Weekly*, together with three sermons, which also deal with important issues thrust before us by the war. In one of the articles Dr. DENNEY approaches the thought of victory over death.

It is an easy thought for him. He has no doubt of the victory which has been achieved by Christ. He has no doubt of the victory having been achieved for us. This great scholar and untrammelled critic of tradition finds all life that is worth living and all hope that is worth having in the atonement for sin made by Christ on the Cross. He has no fear in face of death beyond the fear that the flesh carries.

But he does not believe in moral continuity. He says that 'death is a tremendous breach of continuity of some kind, and by all analogy should have strange and perhaps literally immeasurable consequences. When the Westminster divines taught that the souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness and do immediately pass into glory, and that their bodies being still united to Christ do rest in their graves till the Resurrection, they may have said more than they knew, but they certainly spoke more in the spirit of the New Testament revelation than those who tell us that death really makes no difference.'

And the reason why he cannot believe in moral continuity is that it is too terrible. Is that a surprise? Is it not, as much as anything, on account of its reasonableness that the advocates of moral continuity offer it for our acceptance? But in religion the most reasonable doctrine may be the most incredible and awful. For in religion—in the religion of Christ at least—we are invited to transcend the stretches of the reason. The moment we condescend on what is reasonable we find ourselves involved in compromises which take

away everything that faith looks forward to. We advance here and retreat there as 'a reasonable view of things' leads us about, until we are left with a belief which is no belief but, in Dr. DENNEY's words, 'too terrible an unbelief.'

'If,' he says, 'we had just to go on as we are with the same degrading temptations, the same moral impotence, the same miserable facility of injuring others and of setting in motion evil we cannot control, most men, like Mr. Godkin, would "compromise on annihilation." But the New Testament is written in quite another key. Whatever be the rights of continuity, death is a stupendous event and has stupendous consequences. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." To depart and to be with Christ is not to prolong life as it is; it is far, far better.'

There is no doubt that this is all too high for reasonable belief. But we must not reject it on that account. It may be beyond all that we deserve, beyond all that we can even think of. Yet we must not refuse to believe in it. After all, is not everything that belongs to the gospel beyond our deserving and beyond our imagination? Is not the one difficulty in the gospel which haunts us through life just this, that it is too good for us? We are always saying that we would rather take less. 'Full forgiveness now, that cost the atoning death of Jesus; glory, honour, and immortality in a future in which sin is unknown—blessings like these we are too humble to accept. But such humility is but poorly veiled pride. It is far deeper humility which with its eye turned to God and not to self exclaims, "He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take away from off all the earth."'



## Prayer.

BY THE REV. THOMAS ADAMSON, D.D., GLASGOW.

'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.'—Mt 7<sup>7, 8</sup>.

THERE is nothing which the world would be more glad to be sure of, or that most Christians desire to be clear about, than the value of prayer. Does God answer it, does He always answer it? Many people doubt whether He does at all. Most Christians doubt if He answer more than a few. Perhaps the majority of Christian people pray with a doubtful mind: *i.e.* not in doubt of what they desire, but whether God will respond in any way to their desire, which is just to say that in such conditions they do not pray at all. They keep up the form on the off-chance that there may be an answer. But they are not surprised when they see none: they cease to expect and then to pray, such praying is unworthy of the name at all; it hampers, not helps, spiritual life.

Yet here are Christ's words. Apart from the place in which they are found, they bear the hallmark of the Lord. No other could have ventured to utter them. And unmistakably their message is that every prayer is answered by God, that no prayer fails of its right effect with Him. Thrice, and always more emphatically, Christ insists on it. And He knew. He emphasized its importance, because He knew how difficult it is for us to accept and to act consistently on this truth.

The whole evil proceeds from the different view taken of what is involved.

Men, even Christian men, make prayer the means of trying to get from God what they desire. That is only a subordinate use of prayer; though it is good on a limited scale and so far as it goes. People, however, seldom look on prayer as the means by which God may be able to give them what He desires. The former way looks suspiciously like the heathen way of threatening or cajoling the gods. The latter is the aim of Him who devised prayer and gave it to us. For though His ways are not ours, nor His aims, they are high above ours as the heavens are above the earth. And assuredly they are wiser and better than ours. Men in praying can see nothing better than they ask

for: they do not see as God sees. For one thing they look only for that for which they asked. They expect to see it. They walk by sight, and not by faith. They do not guide themselves by the God to whom they pray, but by what they themselves are. They think of Him by what they themselves would do. They distrust Him, when they do not see the result. They cannot imagine the answer coming in another shape, or being delayed that something better may be given.

And if that is true of their view as to the answer, what must be said as to their prayer itself? There are prayers and prayers, just as there are Christians and Christians. Prayer reflects the heart that utters it, as well as the God to whom it is offered. Some prayers grovel in the dust and are utterly unworthy: others soar heavenwards and even touch the clouds. Now God's will is to make prayer helpful to men. He designs by it to raise men from the unworthy to the glorious in their petitions. He instituted prayer as the means for gaining this gracious aim. He treats all prayers in this way and uses them for this end. He tries to make them the means not of giving men in an easy slipshod way what they would like, but in the purest love what is in their best interest. He bends everything to that. He will deny or delay or give differently, where the prayer is not for the best. How can the answer be seen, or even sent, if the heart be set on other things and incapable of appreciating it?

One cannot fail to see in the text that though the whole refers to the certainty of an answer to every prayer, the truth is thrice repeated, but in each case differently. Had the aim been simply to emphasize that great truth, the formal repetition of the same words, with perhaps a 'verily, verily' before them, might have been sufficient. One cannot imagine, however, that such solemn words had no special meaning, especially on His lips who 'spake as never man spake.' Moreover, the truth they are intended to convey is necessary to the full understanding of the greater truth contained in them all—that God answers every prayer. The repetition of the truth by means of three emblems was designed to show *how* it is that God answers



all prayers, though in such a way that men do not always recognize it. For men *ask* for *things*. They *seek* for *persons*. They *knock* in order to gain *access* to an *interior*. And that is the order in prayer—*things, person, fellowship*. The matter may very well be illustrated by means of the structure of an Eastern house; indeed, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that Christ may have had the idea in His mind consciously as the basis of what He said. In the East a house is usually surrounded by a high wall and fronted by a heavy wooden gate as some sort of protection. If the travellers call and are admitted—which is doubtful always,—they have a measure of safety and shelter, even though they get no further; just as Mary the virgin, when the inn was full, had to go to the cattle-sheds at the side and her child was laid in the elevated hollow, which was the manger, and was cradled among the straw. Of course the visitor may get further in, if the master of the house is content. The stranger has not seen him at the gate; his servant or his son opened it, or he pulled back the heavy wooden bolt by means of a long rope. However, he will be found in what now would be called the public rooms of the house. And if he be satisfied more than usual with the visitor, he will perhaps take the extreme step of receiving the person into the private apartments with their intimacy. In the case of men this is all a mere possibility, becoming at every step more unlikely. But God is not man. With Him it is true absolutely at every step. Persons may ask things as at the outer court, or seek a person as in the public rooms, or knock for fellowship as in the inner sanctuary, but the truth never fails—every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

For instance, a person might begin by praying for mere things. Now, not all things are unworthy to be asked for. Those which are unworthy are usually recognized in their true character as what cannot be pressed for. But when the Lord taught men to pray 'give us this day our daily bread,' He showed that it was not a wrong thing in itself. The spirit made all the difference. Luxury, drunkenness, pride were forbidden when He said, 'Say not what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed. After all these things do the heathen seek. Your heavenly Father knows that ye have need of these things.

Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you.' The situation is seen in these words. Men and God are looking at the matter from opposite poles. Men have little idea of a right perspective; they see small things as great because these are near, and great things as small because these seem afar off. God tries to educate men to see things in proper proportion. And the great rule is that everything is out of place and so out of all proportion if it be seen apart from Jesus Christ. This is an absolute rule. It is as true of spiritual things as of temporal—almost more so. Suppose that a man asks forgiveness, but does not consciously associate his desire with the person of Christ. A person is perhaps not entitled to say that the request will not be granted. But at least this can be said, that the gift will not bring the assurance and joy and healthy spiritual vitality which were intended to accompany it. The man could never have any assurance that he was forgiven. For Christ is man's guarantee for, just as He is the means of, all good. The 'For Christ's sake,' with which prayers so frequently close, are no vain words. They 'condition' all the rest of the prayer. If a man be better than a sheep, how much better the sacrifice of Him who was Godman than such trifles as food and clothes, or even than such wonderful things as forgiveness or holiness. Why, all these are but things; and though all other things were added to them, how could they ever outbalance His worth, or even be worth mentioning in the same breath as Him? He more than covers the value of the whole. How can it be but that all things come by Him? How can it be but that, having Him, men have all things? All things are yours, for ye are Christ's. Men are complete in Him. If God gave Him for them, nothing but Christ is needful. To have Christ means to have not only food and clothes guaranteed, but forgiveness granted; ay, and holiness too. God does not give as a niggard. He gives all. He who has Christ receives all things as a gift, just as he receives the fruits of the Spirit in their cluster and not just singly. And he who prays for Christ receives not only the pardon he desires, but much more besides, much that it will take time to unfold. Nay, he can be sure not of the immediate need, but of the full result; for he has Christ.

Now this is the way in which God desires men to pray. He desires them to see all in perspec-



tive. All things whatever must be correlated to Christ, else they are no blessing. If a man prays to be wealthy, it may be the worst thing for him to have his prayer granted. If the desire is not connected with Christ and subordinated to Christ, the soul's perspective is wholly disordered; the greed, if gratified, would mean 'leanness' to the man's soul. Let it be quite clearly understood that, as God looks on His Son as of more value than all else beside, men must give Him the same place as God has given Him; they must put Him first and value Him more than all. Any deviation from this rule is ruinous. To desire forgiveness and despise Christ is to defeat its own object. To desire holiness apart from Him is impossible.

Now it is the continued experience of what Christ means that leads men up into fellowship with God. The years show how truly 'God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son.' He who sees in Christ the means of all good, who finds his own increasing need and continuing unreliability, will be led to look up and see who He was who provided so for him. He will recog-

nize his God. He will become assured that 'no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' The Father he cannot mistake. His confidence and love are drawn out. He can go to God in the assurance that even if he make mistakes he will be received in the same spirit in which he comes; he will not be misjudged; he may even feel that, like Abraham, he can treat God as his friend and do what another dare not, or intercede and press his case. He knows what fellowship with God means in Jesus Christ; and as he looks on every thing only in connexion with Christ, he understands too what it is to be like-minded with God, and to pray according to His will. Such a man's prayers soar beyond the clouds instead of trailing along the earth. He has no doubt as to the answer to them all. What is good the Lord will give, is the rule of his faith. His prayers lift him out of his old self. He could not pray them now. He has come not only to see that God always answers prayer, but he sees in order to that how God does it; for he has been led upwards by God's treatment of his prayers—asking, seeking, knocking.

## Literature.

### WATTS-DUNTON.

'My experience,' says James Payn in his *Literary Recollections*, 'my experience of men of letters is that for kindness of heart they have no equal. I contrast their behaviour to the young and struggling with the harshness of the Lawyer, the hardness of the Man of Business, the contempt of the Man of the World, and am proud to belong to their calling.'

This tribute to the literary man is quoted in *The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton* (Jack; 2 vols., 30s. net). It is the best introduction to a notice of the biography. Watts-Dunton was a literary man and he was kind. From beginning to end the reader is in touch with authors. If they are artists, they are also authors, as was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who has much of the book to himself. Watts-Dunton was a literary man. But he was also kind-hearted. Let us give an example. 'On one occasion Watts-Dunton befriended an artist with whom he had been on intimate terms

in days gone by. This artist, a portrait painter whose genius was never recognized except by a limited circle of friends, lost heart when old age was coming upon him, and fell into evil ways. He squandered the paltry sums he received for his work from picture-dealers and pawnbrokers in drink. He drifted out of sight of all his friends; his condition became so desperate that, homeless and without a soul, he started off to tramp through England, no one, not even his only sister, knew whither. Every one believed him dead. One day, however, there was a ring at the front door of The Pines, and a grimy-faced man, dust-ridden and in rags, inquired of the servant if Mr. Watts-Dunton was at home. Watts-Dunton was out; but it so chanced that his sister, Mrs. Charles Mason, at this moment passed through the hall, and recognized the tramp as an artist who in better days had painted her portrait. She was deeply moved at the wretched plight into which her brother's old friend had obviously fallen. She gave him enough money to provide him with a "square



meal" and a night's lodging, and told him to call again. The artist made his appearance on the following morning, looking somewhat more reputable; and Watts-Dunton, greatly concerned when realizing his distressful condition, took compassion on him. He engaged him as an amanuensis, which proved a failure. He then hit on the idea of fitting up a room at The Pines, with easel, palette, and brush, where he might paint to his heart's content, Watts-Dunton superintending the progress of every picture with the greatest zeal, and providing his old friend weekly with an adequate sum of money to pay for a bedroom in the neighbourhood, it being understood that all "board" would be supplied at The Pines.'

The greatness of Watts-Dunton lay in his capacity for friendship. He wrote much in the way of criticism, and few could write with his incisiveness; but reviews and notices do not live. He wrote poetry and he wrote fiction, but not even his sonnets, and not even 'Aylwin,' will long outlive his own admiring generation. It is as a friend that his name will pass into history. And this book, though the authors of it are not Boswells, will give him his immortality.

The authors are Mr. Thomas Hake and Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett. They are not Boswells, we say. Indeed, the one chapter which Mrs. Watts-Dunton herself has written excels their best; it is the one chapter which carries the reader off his feet, so warm and true and unreserved is it. But they have made it clear to all the reading world that this man had truly what is often foolishly called 'a genius for friendship'; and it is so great and good a thing that we say he will live by it.

His friends are here as well as himself. Whole chapters are given to them. And in the glow of his warm friendship for them they are at their best—better sometimes (as Swinburne) than we thought it was in them to be. This is about Rossetti. "To say that any artist could take a deeper interest in the work of a friend than in his own seems bold; yet this could be said of Rossetti. The mean rivalries of the *littérateur* that so often disgust us found no place in that great heart. To hear him recite in his musical voice the lyric of some unknown bard—recite it in such a way as to lend the lines the light and music of his own marvellous genius, while the bard sat by with head bowed low so that the flush on his cheek and the moisture in his eye should not be seen—this was

an experience that did indeed make the bardic life worth living."

### THE MYTHICAL INTERPRETATION OF THE GOSPELS.

What becomes of the lad who takes to the reading of the Rationalist Press Association sixpennys? He is not the worst kind of lad. He is not incurably sensual, nor as a rule indolently self-indulgent. Yet we lose sight of him. He goes to swell the numbers of the non-churchgoing, he often becomes fiercely anti-Christian, and sometimes he remains so until the end.

What ought we to do with such a lad? Leave him alone? That is the easiest thing to do. But we flatter ourselves if we think that by leaving him alone he will come back to us of his own accord. The Rationalist Press sixpennys are far too plausible for that. And they are far too radical in their plausibility. They set the Church and Christ in an atmosphere that is peculiarly difficult to get out of—an atmosphere of deception and sham.

What are we to do with him? We cannot meet him in argument, for we know less of the Rationalist Press than he does. We know next to nothing of the elaborate system by which Christ and the Gospels have been resolved into myths—every feature of the character of Christ, every event in His history, every text of any consequence in all the Gospel records. The thing has been reduced, we say, to an elaborate system, one writer following another until to-day its conclusiveness to an uneducated lad's mind is irresistible.

What are we to do? We have first of all to make ourselves acquainted with this system. We can do that by reading the works of Professor Drews of Karlsruhe, Professor W. B. Smith of New Orleans, Dr. Jensen, Mr. J. M. Robertson—without going further back, and without scattering ourselves over too wide a field. All these men have given themselves within recent years to the elaboration of the proof that Christ and the Gospels are a product of a myth-making tendency inveterate in the human race. If that is too heavy an undertaking—for all these men have written voluminously—the study of a single book will reach the same end. Dr. J. T. Thorburn's volume on *The Mythical Interpretation of the Gospels* (T. & T. Clark; 7s. 6d. net) contains



everything that is of any importance in all these writers, and it has the advantage of offering an unbiased answer to every one of the arguments which they employ.

Dr. Thorburn's method is to go through the history of Christ contained in the Gospels from incident to incident and tell how the mythological interpreters have explained each incident and what foundation there is in fact for their explanation. He begins with the names Mary and Joseph, and a more amazing, more entertaining chapter than this first chapter on Mary and Joseph is not to be found in the book, or in any other book that we are likely to be able to turn to. The ingenuity is amazing, the pseudo-scientific credulity is most entertaining. Speaking of Mr. J. M. Robertson, Dr. Thorburn says that his 'excursions into the field of theology all bear the marks of great haste and extreme recklessness of statement.' We have an example on the very first page.

'The whole birth-story,' writes Mr. Robertson (*Christianity and Mythology*, p. 319), is indisputably late, and the whole action mythic; and the name [Mary] is also to be presumed mythical. For this there is the double reason that Mary, or Miriam, was already a mythic name for both Jews and Gentiles. The Miriam of Exodus is no more historical than Moses; like him and Joshua she is to be reckoned an ancient deity Evermerised, and the Arab tradition that she is the mother of Joshua (= Jesus) raises an irremovable surmise that a Mary, the mother of Jesus, may have been worshipped in Syria long before our era.'

One characteristic of that paragraph is the vagueness of its statements; another characteristic is their confidence. These two characteristics distinguish this writer's work throughout. But sometimes even a writer of this type has to condescend upon a definite statement, and then Mr. Robertson is sure to come to grief. And that ludicrously, as Dr. Conybeare showed not long ago. But the other men, who have studied the subject more, are not in any way happier. Very plausible as long as they are allowed to proceed unmolested, they do not seem to make a single statement which escapes the charge of inaccuracy or irrelevancy. And Dr. Thorburn has no mercy. He has made so special a study of the subject that nothing escapes him. He brings out their contradictions and incredible blunders

with the calmness and precision of a trained detective.

When we have read Dr. Thorburn's book, we shall know what it is that leads so many of our young lads astray, and we shall know how to prepare them beforehand for resistance.

### CREEDS AND CHURCHES.

When Dr. Alexander Stewart, Principal and Primarius Professor of Divinity, St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, died, there passed from earth one of the most accomplished of theologians as well as one of the best of men. For some years he had been hampered by illness. He delivered the Croall Lectures in the winter of 1901-1902. They dealt with *Creeds and Churches*, a subject which he had at his finger-ends. Yet it is only now that they are published (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net).

Let us listen for a little to the delivery of them. Let us hear the lecturer tell the story of how the Apostles' Creed obtained its authority. 'A legend had grown up to the effect that on the day of Pentecost, the apostles, before dispersing on their several missions for the conversion of the world, gathered together and agreed upon a common form of belief, that they might carry it as the glad tidings to the remotest ends of the earth. Each, it was said, contributed a clause, and the result was the Apostles' Creed as it was received at the time. There are several versions of the order in which the apostles made their contributions. According to one of the most complete, St. Peter said, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth"; St. Andrew added, "And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord"; St. James, "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary"; St. John, "He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried"—and so on to the end, all the twelve taking a part; and though, as we have said, the order varies, in all the versions St. Peter begins and St. Matthias ends the list. From a historical point of view the tradition is worthless. It probably originated, partly at least, in an etymological mistake, the word Symbol which had begun to be applied to the Creed being connected, not with σύμβολον, a mark or sign, but with συμβολή, which, especially in the plural, signified the contributions which were made to provide a common meal. So the



"Creed was regarded as a collation or epitome of doctrine contributed by the twelve Apostles." "This tradition," he says, "which afterwards received the sanction of the Roman Catechism, 1566, is to this day current in the Church of Rome, and her clergy are required to teach it to the people."

The whole book is as pleasant to read, and as well worth reading. It is not a volume of theology; it is a volume of history. And so easy is the author's mastery of his subject that even when he comes to the classification of Confessions, he loses neither himself nor his reader. His position is never in doubt, though it is never expressed with the least approach to an *odium theologicum*. Thus he says: "Creeds are subordinate to the Bible. They are not substitutes for it; they do not intentionally add anything to it, or take anything from it. They are helps to the understanding of it, and they are means by which man may learn from man, and Church from Church, how far they are agreed in the interpretation of it in matters which concern their highest interests, and how far they can co-operate in the work which lies before them."

Dr. John Morrison has so edited the volume that for once we have a posthumous book which suffers nothing from being posthumous.

### BUDDHISM.

Messrs. Harrap are the publishers of a large and extremely handsome volume on Buddhism, of which the title is *Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism* (15s. net). The author is Mr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, D.Sc., a good Buddhist scholar, who has already done much literary work, most of it on Indian Buddhism.

The great difficulty of describing Buddhism in a single volume is the diversity of its creed and practice in different countries. So serious is this difficulty that in the *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS* it was found necessary to take up each country separately and have its Buddhism described by a scholar who had given himself to the study of Buddhism in that particular country—Ceylon, China, Burma, Japan, and the rest. But Dr. Coomaraswamy is writing here for the un-instructed. The book is popular. He is not careful to preserve distinctions which are necessary for the scholar. His study has been of Buddhism

in its great principles, and of the Buddha himself in the experiences of his life and the hopes (if they could be called hopes) which clung to his service for mankind. In short, he has given us a sketch of Buddhism which we can place beside a similar sketch of Muhammadanism or Christianity, and make comparisons, if we care to do so, between them.

The temptation of the Buddhist enthusiast is to claim an excessive antiquity for the Master and his work. There are Buddhists who will take five hundred years more than they are entitled to. Dr. Coomaraswamy has read too much in Western literature on Buddhism to fall before that temptation. Then he writes well, having an excellent command of the English tongue. His story of the Buddha's wanderings is a fascinating narrative.

The volume has been counted worth the very best that the publisher could do for it. There are forty plates of illustrations, and eight of them are in colour.

### ASSYRIOLOGY.

Under the title of *Myths and Legends of Babylonia and Assyria* (Harrap; 8s. 6d. net), Mr. Lewis Spence has published a volume in which he has succeeded in presenting a fairly complete account of what is known as Assyriology. He has written the story of Babylonian excavation. He has distinguished the Babylonian from the Assyrian religion and estimated their comparative worth. He has told tales of the Babylonian and Assyrian kings, and in such a way as to make the tales serve the purpose of a history. He has described the magical practices and superstitious beliefs of the Babylonians and Assyrians in respect of animals and demons. He has brought the great gods within sight and lost no touch of their greatness in the proximity; and he has introduced us to the priests at their elaborate worship in their gorgeous temples. What is there that he has left out? And it is all told in plain English, for the series is a popular one.

But the writing is not all. The illustrations are very many and very remarkable. Some of them we know well, but they are well drawn here. Some of them—we mean those plates by Evelyn Paul—are amazing in their audacity of conception and colouring. The scene on Carmel (to mention the only illustration which touches the Bible story) has



never in a printed book been more daringly devised or more effectively coloured.

### SCOTLAND.

Dr. William Law Mathieson has concluded his *History of Scotland*. The fourth and final volume is entitled *Church and the Reform in Scotland* (Maclehose; 10s. 6d. net). It covers the years from 1797 to 1843.

Dr. Law Mathieson's *History* has its features. It is social more than political. It is ecclesiastical more than social. But the word 'ecclesiastical' must not be used with that smack of contempt now frequently heard upon its utterance. Dr. Law Mathieson is not an 'ecclesiastic.' His chief interest is in the religious life of his country, but not in the political aspect of its religion, though that was so pronounced in the period covered by this volume. His inmost delight is in the life of the people who believed in God and Calvin, the people who were at their best in their homes, in such homes and at such exercises as Burns describes in his 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'

It follows that he should speak kindly of the Moderates. And it follows that he should deplore their moderatism. If they had continued to have their way—and how easy it seemed to be for them to continue to have their way, the whole momentum of the State and most of the heavy impetus of the aristocracy being with them—Scotland would have been unable to-day to meet the German menace. For she would have lost her ideals. Therefore in ending his *History* with the year 1843, the year of the Disruption, Dr. Law Mathieson has been well guided. For if he has left us with a rent Church, it is a Church with a healthy and vigorous conscience. The controversy then was the Headship of Christ or the Headship of Caesar. Spell Caesar in the German way, and it is exactly the contest we are engaged in at this moment. And it was the issue of that controversy, in which the government of the land was morally beaten by being legally victorious, that made it possible for a great and conscientious liberal statesman like Sir Edward Grey to declare himself on the side of Christ.

It is a trying time in the history of Scotland that is described in this volume. Yet to read the story again is for any Scotsman to say with Jeffrey that he is proud of his country. Dr. Law Mathieson is no partisan. If he recognizes, as he does, the

greatness of the issues at stake, he sees clearly enough that not all the men nor all the methods were faultless. But he sees that even the wrath of man was used to the furtherance of that work which was God's.

The Rev. J. O. Bevan, M.A., has written a *Handbook of the History and Development of Philosophy* (Chapman & Hall; 5s. net). Its contents are (1) a list of writers on philosophical subjects—in chronological order; (2) brief notices of prominent men associated with philosophic thought—in alphabetical order; (3) alphabetical list of the various philosophical systems—with concise definitions of the same; (4) a *History of Philosophy*; (5) an account of the Inception of the Idea, and the Correlation of Thought to produce new Combinations; (6) a similar account of other philosophical subjects, as the Influence of Modern Thought on Philosophy and of Philosophy on Modern Thought; and (7) an exposition of Casuistry. It is a miscellaneous gathering, and it is meant to be. If the student of philosophy finds it accurate, and we think he will, he should be grateful to Mr. Bevan for gathering it all together so conveniently.

Professor Sanday has published another pamphlet on the War—its origin and its issue. He calls it *In View of the End: A Retrospect and a Prospect* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 1s. net). Need we say that it is of absorbing interest? Need we say that it is the last word of Christian wisdom and impartiality?

One of the most unexpected things is discovered at the very end. Dr. Sanday believes in German veracity. It is of a kind, certainly, and not exactly *our* kind; but it is veracity.

To the lover of poetry—not a great army—an irresistible appeal will be made by Mr. E. A. Greening Lamborn's book on *The Rudiments of Criticism* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 2s. 6d. net). Not a great army, we said. So also says Mr. Lamborn: 'Every one, almost, finds pleasure in music; yet delight in poetry is an enjoyment revealed but to a happy few; so that I have known a professed lover of music whose knowledge of poetry was limited to a line or two of Shakespeare's description of "the man that hath no music in



himself," with which he used to taunt people who had not learned to play the piano.'

Mr. Lamborn is a wise critic—usually. But he is too hard on Eliza Cook and her old arm-chair. He has ideas on education—new and also true. There is too much reading aloud in public schools. Children should be trained to write poetry: he offers specimens, and they prove his principles. He is distressed over optional Greek, 'for optional Greek will lead to optional Latin, and then the last stronghold of liberal learning, where so many generations of men have learned the meaning of humanity, will be transformed into a great technical school where clerks learn book-keeping and druggists learn dispensing.'

Three new volumes have been issued of the 'Short Course' Series (T. & T. Clark; 2s. net each). Professor George Milligan would be glad to recommend the use of the Revised Version, for he believes in it heartily. But that is not his only object in writing about *The Expository Value of the Revised Version*. He desires to encourage expository preaching. And he could have taken no better way to encourage it. This is expository preaching, and there is not a dull page in the book. If the people will not listen to preaching like this they will listen to nothing.

Principal W. B. Selbie has issued some expository studies in the Fourth Gospel. The title is *Belief and Life*. Add Love and Light, and you have all St. John's great words. But Belief and Life are the way of entrance into St. John, and that is into Christ. The simplicity of the exposition will not hide the trained scholarship that it rests upon.

Principal A. J. Tait's book is an exposition of *The Prophecy of Micah*. No prophet offers himself more readily or more fruitfully for a short course of sermons than Micah. Dr. Tait has made good use of his opportunity. Is it not the searchlight of such a prophet on life and on conscience that we most especially need at this time? The confident superficiality of our religious life is made to look very foolish in the presence of a preacher of righteousness like Micah.

*Through a Padre's Spectacles* is the title which the Rev. J. Golder Burns, B.D., C.F., has given to his memories of work at the Front and in the

Camps (Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net). The experiences are vivid to him, and in the simplicity of pure English he has made them a living reality to his readers. 'There is no 'working up'; and yet the humour and the pathos are both very telling. Mr. Burns has much to say about the religion of the British soldier. This is one plain paragraph: 'I don't know how it is at home, but there is a distinct revival of religion among the troops in Flanders. I would not wish to be misunderstood. Our soldiers have not all become saints. But a belief in the truths of religion is more common, and not only so, but men out here are not ashamed of their faith. At home you have an intercessory service every week. Here in this camp we have one every night. When the Church of England chaplain takes the service, I ring the bell, a piece of rail which I strike with a mallet, and, when it is my turn to officiate as minister, he acts the part of handy-man. At these services over five hundred men have made profession of their faith.'

Do not miss the papers which are being issued in connexion with *The War and our Faith* by the Congregational Union of England and Wales at the Memorial Hall (2d. each). They are written by scholars—Dr. Horton, Principal Franks, Dr. Morgan Gibbon, Principal Griffith-Jones, Mr. Thompson, Principal Selbie, Principal Ritchie, Mr. Darlston—and they enter seriously into the questions that agitate or ought to agitate our minds at the present time. No papers since the war began have impressed us more with the gravity of the moral and spiritual issues that are now before us.

It cannot surely be that after the war we shall go on sinning as we sinned before. If we do we shall not be able to plead ignorance of our sins. What they are is agreed upon among all who have looked seriously into the causes and occasions of the war. Mr. Havelock Ellis, who is no preacher or parson, agrees wholly with Mr. Norman Maclean. His *Essays in War-Time* (Constable; 5s. net) describe with dreadful plainness the abyss of indulgence and wretchedness into which the nations of the earth have been plunging. His scientific response is more startling than any exhortation. If there are those still among us who do not worry about their sins they had better read this book and worry.



The essay on Walter Pater in *Figures of Several Centuries*, Mr. Arthur Symons's latest volume (Constable; 7s. 6d. net)—the essay on Walter Pater, we say, in that charming book is particularly charming. Does it come to any other as it comes to us after reading the voluminous and disconcerting biography by Mr. Thomas Wright? It sets Pater on his throne again. It restores his manhood. It gives him excellence. It makes him once more himself and worth being so.

There are other essays in this book. There are other two-and-twenty. And they are all biographical and all charming. They are not all so redolent of relief as that on Pater. But they have all the light touch, the reserved approach, the sure familiar fireside interpretation, the language in which the right word is always in the right situation.

Who are they? They range from St. Augustine to Thomas Hardy, through Charles Lamb, John Donne, Emily Brontë, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Coventry Patmore; and outside this country, Villon, Casanova, Flaubert, Cladel, Ibsen, Huysmans, Baudelaire, Naidu.

The Rev. W. M. Metcalfe, D.D., late Minister of the South Parish, Paisley, was a 'practical' preacher. That does not mean that he preached 'cauld morality.' He preached morality, but out of the love of a heart that had once said and kept for ever saying, 'I love, because He first loved me.' The new volume has been well chosen. It contains fifteen sermons under the simple title of *Sermons* (Paisley: Gardner; 2s. 6d. net).

The Rev. C. W. Formby, M.A., is convinced that the British Empire is 'at the Cross Roads.' What he means by that is that we are in great danger from the inrush of materialism. And the evidence again of the inrush of materialism is the Welsh Church Bill. So the first half of his book, called *The Soul of England* (Wells Gardner; 2s. 6d. net), is an earnest plea for 'hands off,' and leave the Welsh Church alone. After the middle of the book, however, he passes to wider issues, and traces the footsteps of the materialistic enemy in nearly all the departments of national life. The warning is wise. Materialism is the enemy. We cannot be too vigilant.

The religion of the soldier is sometimes quite primitive. At its highest it is not very theological.

When he touches theology at all it is much in the way of the little girl who said, 'I love Jesus, but I hate God.' In *Jesus of Nazareth and the Christian Churches of To-day* (Heffer; 6d. net), Mr. Henry Goodman instructs us all in the true estimate of God. He is the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour.

The evangelist, says Professor W. M. Clow, has left the pulpit and has taken up his place at the street corner. He would have him return to the pulpit. He is himself an evangelist. He is an evangelist, first and last, using the word in the large sense. That is to say, he preaches the gospel of salvation, but it is salvation from sin to righteousness and true holiness. And all his materials he finds in the Bible, especially in the New Testament. He does not need to invent, exaggerate, or even dramatize. His volume of sermons is called *The Evangel of the Strait Gate* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net).

The first volume of Father Stanton's sermons must have done well, for here is another already. Its title is *Faithful Stewardship* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). Seventeen of the nineteen sermons in the volume were preached within the last year or two of his life, and were reported verbatim by Miss C. Ross. The last two were preached forty years ago. They are here for comparison and for their own sake. The editor as before is the Rev. E. F. Russell, M.A.

Mr. Norman Maclean believes that this war will not come to an end until we are cleansed from the evil ways which were the cause of it. He does not mean militarism only. That is but one of the evil things, and it is more a result than a cause. He means the selfishness that refuses to burden itself with family cares; he means the continuance of the temptations that are offered to the drunkard; he means sin, yours and mine, the sin of the respectable and professedly Christian people of this land. Until we put away our sin and so encourage or even compel others to do likewise, the war will not have fulfilled its mission and will not end. So he writes his book with the title *Stand up, ye Dead* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net) that we may see the evil as it is and repent.

*Hurrah and Hallelujah* is the title which



Dr. J. P. Bang of Copenhagen has given to his exposure of Germanism (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). An exposure it is. Out of their own mouths has he judged these wicked servants. He quotes the professors, the preachers, and the politicians; and (ashamed as we are to say it) the preachers are the most blood-thirsty. One of the amazing things is the frequency and calmness of their use of the phrase 'the German God.' Says Dr. Bang, 'I have even found a German writer, in perfect seriousness, beginning a prayer with the words "O German God."' Another equally remarkable thing is the completeness with which patriotism is allowed to sweep everything else out of its way. Pastor W. Lehmann ends a sermon with: 'We love our earthly Fatherland so much, that we gladly barter our heavenly for it.'

There are books that fall in value as the years pass. There are books that rise. One can prophesy a rise for *Shakespeare and Precious Stones* by George Frederick Kunz, Ph.D., Sc.D., A.M. (Lippincott; 6s. net). For it has been written by the lover of books as well as the lover of Shakespeare, and it has been made by the publishers as attractive as the arts and sciences can make books now. The war has not touched the quality of the paper, for the printing was done in the United States of America.

The war is suffering. That is its most obtrusive meaning. Is the war therefore evil? Not so, says Mr. Sherwood Eddy. For suffering is not evil, but good. There may be evil in the war—brutal passions let loose brutally—but the suffering as suffering is God's instrument for our progress in all that is worth while. Thus Mr. Eddy argues excellently in *Suffering and the War* (Longmans; 1s. net), as well as in *The Meaning of Suffering*, and even to some extent in *Faith of Honest Doubt* (Longmans; 3d. net each).

Dr. Rufus M. Jones has become so well known as an expositor of Mysticism that any book on that (or indeed any other) subject by him is sure of a wide circulation. His new book entitled *The Inner Life* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net) has been written to tell us, not how to become mystics, but how to make our mysticism a blessing to ourselves and our neighbours. We gain the blessing by the practice of the presence of God; we give it by

encouraging others to that practice, but especially by the savour of the life we live. All is described with that singular clarity of thought which finds the clear word instinctively.

Dr. F. J. Foakes Jackson has published the Lowell Lectures which he delivered in Boston in March 1916. The title is *Social Life in England, 1750-1850* (Macmillan; 5s. net). They are just what popular lectures ought to be—slightly informing, very entertaining, perfectly wholesome. Well, we have made progress. We are better than our fathers were, and in every way. We are more comfortable, of course, but we are also better behaved. God's in the world, and it is *not* going to the dogs.

Dr. Foakes Jackson is particularly pleasant on Crabbe. In that lecture and in another there is not a little that is quite new.

Among the remedies now so liberally offered for the salvation of the Church (or such remnants of it as may still be salvaged), the last, and least to be expected, is that of 'more theology.' Yet that is the remedy offered by the Rev. Oliver Chase Quick, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in *Essays in Orthodoxy* (Macmillan; 6s. net). 'It is commonly said,' he tells us, 'that less theology is what we need; but those who counsel thus are surely guilty of a highly dangerous confusion between remedy and disease. Most people, no doubt, prefer that religious teachers should appeal to the heart rather than to the head. They prefer being asked to feel to being made to think. But it does not follow that their preference should be encouraged. As a nation we welcome what we call "the gospel," we dislike theology, and we detest dogma. But the fact that we attach too much importance to feeling, too little to thought, and almost none to authority, is really no ground for supposing that we cannot or ought not to effect any change in our scale of values. As a matter of fact, the unpopularity of theology and dogma springs far more from a misconception of their purpose than from any tenable objection to their use.'

That is all true and demands emphatic declaration. Mr. Quick is right. It is theology that we need, more theology—theology that brings God, and the redemption that is in Christ, and the sanctifying Spirit, and above all the necessity for



a sense of sin and repentance—a theology, we say, that brings all these into our life, into every part of our being, heart and head and conscience and will, that is the theology we need, and we need more of it, not less, than ever we have had before. Mr. Quick is not afraid of being called orthodox. He is not afraid of being what he is called. He is orthodox on the central doctrine of the Faith, the doctrine of Christ's atonement for sin. What he says on that, and on the other great doctrines which he discusses, he says as a wise steward of the mysteries of God.

Messrs. Nimmo have reissued *Poetical Works of Ella Wheeler Wilcox* (3s. 6d. net). In spite of the war the paper is good, the printing clear, and the whole 'get up' of the book most desirable. The illustrations, it will be remembered, are by Alice Ross. They are quite unusually interpretative.

The Rev. Martin Anstey, B.D., is a Bible student. He has been trying to make the Bible his own. And now he tells others in *How to Master the Bible* (Partridge; 2s. net) what his methods are. He is not content to know the Bible scientifically: he must know it also experimentally. He must enjoy it. He must feel the power of it. And again he is not content until others share the joy and the power of Bible study with him.

Plain prescriptions for the securing of *Good Health for All* have been set forth, in 'a series of hygienic chats,' by Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S. (Pickering & Inglis; 1s. 6d. net).

There is room yet for one book, even for a series of books. The subject is Symbolism. A small contribution is made by A. Bothwell Gosse in *The Rose Immortal* (Rider; 1s. net). The symbol of the Rose has penetrated to every land, and this pleasant author discovers the meanings men have found in it. There is the Red Rose of Sorrow, the White Rose of Joy, the Golden Rose of Union, and the Little Black Rose of Silence.

Mr. Charles Mercier, M.D., F.R.C.P., describes scientifically all the variety to be found and felt of *Human Temperaments* (Scientific Press; 1s. net). He writes confidently and has no space for quali-

fications. But on one of the temperaments he is somewhat at fault. He treats religion as if it were entirely a matter of temperament. He calls it the inclination to self-sacrifice. And self-sacrifice is not altogether and always an admirable thing in his eyes. He has surely forgotten that right religion is the love of God and man. And to love the Lord with all our heart and our neighbour as ourselves is more than a matter of temperament.

Let us array all our Christian forces for the purity and beauty of the home. Prebendary H. P. Denison is ready to do his part. He has written a book on *The Mystery of Marriage* (Scott; 2s. net), in which he shows how urgent an enterprise it is and how urgently Christian.

Miss L. Swetenham has written a book on *War: The Cross of the Nations* (Scott; 1s. 6d. net), which the Bishop of Edinburgh has introduced to us. 'No one,' says Dr. Walpole, 'can read the first two chapters on Man's Spiritual Insensibility and Humanity's Idol without feeling that some terrible discipline that would shake man's being to its foundation was necessary, and so feeling we may be able to enter into God's plan for Europe in the war and to share the hope of the writer that His purpose may be fulfilled.'

To some of us the Descent into Hell is no longer credible. It is quite credible to the Rev. R. E. Hutton. In *The Life Beyond* (Scott; 2s. net) he publishes some 'Thoughts on the Intermediate State and the Soul in the Unseen World,' and among them is the thought that when Jesus descended to Hades He rescued the souls of men kept until then in bondage and brought them with Him up to Paradise. 'It was a true instinct,' he says, 'which led the Jews to speak of the righteous dead as in Abraham's bosom rather than the bosom of God; for until Jesus Christ, "the Seed of the woman," had "opened the kingdom of Heaven to all believers" and Himself entered therein, the souls of the righteous were excluded from the Vision of God.'

Adeline Campbell, the author of *Scripture Spoil in Sacred Song*, has the gift of remembering the right Scripture passage to illustrate or enforce her argument. In *Scripture Thoughts* (Stock; 2s. 6d.



net), she simply sets down the thought and adds the Scripture passages.

*After Death, What?* by Archdeacon Wilberforce, is an addition to the royal 16mo purple series (Stock; 1s. 6d. net).

In *The Power of Faith* (Stock; 3s. net), we have probably the last volume of Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce's sermons that we shall ever have. And that is a sad enough thought. For they were more than interesting; they were always strong arguments for some great truth or courageous attacks upon some great evil. This volume is kindred. Think of 'Human Devils' as the title of a sermon; and the sensation is not in the title but in the fact.

It is an old idea of John Caird that every nation has a message for the world and must be encouraged to utter it. That idea is carried out for Britain in *The Vocation of Empire* (S.P.C.K.; 6d.), a small volume containing a course of sermons preached in the Church of St. Michael, Cornhill, in Lent, 1916. The preachers were Dr. J. O. F. Murray, Mr. William Temple, Mr. E. A. Burroughs, Bishop Copleston, Archdeacon Harper, and Chaplain John Ellison.

The Rev. G. R. Oakley, M.A., B.D., has rewritten in his own eloquent and imaginative way the Christian history that lies behind the names of Eadwine, Oswald, Oswine, Eadmund, Ælfred, Eadward, Henry, and Charles. He has reproduced the old Saxon atmosphere, and even to some extent the old Saxon spelling of the names. The title is *The Cross and the Sword* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. net).

The Rev. J. M. Wilson, D.D., Canon of Worcester, has published seven sermons on *God's Progressive Revelations of Himself to Men* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net). They make an instructive course, and would certainly sustain the attention. For besides the continuity of interest, there is in every sermon the modern note. The first sermon introduces the idea of progressive revelation. The subsequent sermons deal with God's revelation of Himself as Creator, in the Family and Nation, as the God of Righteousness, as the Fulfiller, in Christ, and as Saviour.

Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley and Mr. G. H. Box, who have often worked together before, have once again joined hands in a most promising enterprise. They have resolved to translate certain early documents that are valuable for the study of Christian Origins. The second volume of the Series is *The Wisdom of Ben-Sira (Ecclesiasticus)*, translated by Dr. Oesterley (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). Is there any need for a new translation of Sirach? We have the Revised Version. The answer is that the Revised Version was issued before the discovery of the Hebrew manuscripts of the book—one of the most disturbing discoveries of our time. This is a very different book from Ecclesiasticus in the Revised Version. Dr. Oesterley knows the last word of scholarship. His introduction is as workmanlike as are his translation and notes.

If there is man or woman among your friends who has not yet realized the danger we are in from alcohol, give them a copy of *The Nation and Alcohol*, by Vice-Principal Anne W. Richardson. It is published by the Student Christian Movement (6d. net).

What has Christ to offer to the Savage, to the Muhammadan, to the Hindu, to the Buddhist, to the Taoist or Confucianist, to the Shintoist? Mr. William Paton answers in *Jesus Christ and the World's Religions* (United Council for Missionary Education; 7d. net).

Mr. W. S. Urquhart, D.Phil., Professor of Philosophy in the Scottish Churches College in Calcutta, is not a whit behind the best of the German students of Hindu Philosophy. He is in one respect distinctly before the best—he knows the Hindu as well as his literature. Professor Urquhart's book on *The Upanishads and Life*, which has been issued by the Association Press, 86 College Street, Calcutta, must on no account be missed by missionary or man who would know what Hinduism is. Dr. Urquhart is a Christian, and he is never unaware of the fact that the grace of God has appeared to the Hindu also; but he is scrupulously fair to the Hindu faith and the Hindu philosophy. His scholarship and his Christianity make injustice impossible to him. There is a whole life's study in the book, and yet it may be bought for tenpence.



# The Archaeology of the Book of Genesis.

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## Chapter x.

3. IN Jer 51<sup>27</sup> Ashkenaz is associated with Ararat and Minni, and must therefore have been to the north-east of Assyria. As I first pointed out many years ago, this agrees with the situation of the country called Asguza by Sargon. But in this identification we again have an instance of the transference of an unknown geographical name by the later geography to a country with a similar name, but in a different part of the world. The Ashkenaz of Genesis belongs to Asia Minor, not to the far east. Hence we must fall back upon its old identification with the Ascanius of Phrygia and the Troad. Ashkenaz, in fact, represents a word of the same form as the Hittite Tarkhu-nazi(s), 'son of the land of (the god) Tarkhu,' and refers us to a word Aska, from which Ascanius was a derivative. Sir W. M. Ramsay has shown that this word survives in Aska-ênos, a title of the god Mên at Eumeneia. Ascania was the Phrygian district which lay to the west of the Cappadocian plain.

Togarmah, if the reading is right, has been explained by Professor Delitzsch, who identifies it with the Til-garimmi of the Assyrian inscriptions in the north-east of Cappadocia, which was conquered by Sargon. The Assyrianizing of the name would be similar to that which transformed the Hittite Tarbusip on the Euphrates into Til-Barsip, 'the Mound of Barsip' (classical Barsampsê). But instead of Togarmah the Septuagint has Thorgama (here and in 1 Ch, as well as Ezk 38<sup>6</sup>, though not 27<sup>14</sup>), which would correspond with the territorial title Targha-miya(s), 'of the land of Tarkhu,' found in the Hittite texts. In either case, however, the situation of the country would be much the same.

Rîphath is unknown, no similar geographical name having been met with anywhere, and in 1 Ch 1<sup>6</sup> it is written Dîphath. It is therefore possible that the Hebrew text is a transliteration of a cuneiform *Askanazi adî patu* (or *pat*) *Tugarimmi*, 'Ascania as far as the frontier of Togarmah.'

4. Elishah is the Alasiya of the Tel el-Amarna tablets, the Alsa of the Egyptians. I have shown

(THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, xii. p. 29) that it is the Aleian plain of Homer, to the east of Tarsus, the Ionian Ἀλῆμος, 'Aleian,' presupposing an original 'Alasyan.' The supposition that it is Cyprus is untenable, since Cyprus appears in this verse under the name of Kittim, while in Egyptian it was called Asi. Letters passed between the kings of Egypt and Alasiya, and we learn from them that Alasiya exported copper, doubtless derived from the copper mines of the Taurus. After the rise of the twenty-first Egyptian dynasty (1100 B.C.) the name is found no more.

Tarshish, between Alasiya and Kittim or Cyprus, must be Tarsus, called Tarzi by Shalmaneser II. (834 B.C.). The final *sh* of Tarshish is the suffix of the Hittite and Cilician nominative; the first *sh* represents *z*, as in the Cilician Syennesis for Suanna-zis. As Sir W. M. Ramsay has shown, Tarsus was originally connected by a channel with the sea and was the centre of a great maritime trade. Later geography transferred the name to the west, when the silting up of the coast had destroyed the maritime character of Tarsus, and it is possible that in the prophetic age it denoted Tartessos in Spain.

Kittim is Kition, the modern Larnaka, the chief Phœnician seaport in Cyprus, which gives its name to the whole island in the O.T.

Dodanim must be corrected into Rodanim, as in 1 Ch 1<sup>7</sup> and the Septuagint (which similarly has Πόδιοι for Dedan in Ezk 27<sup>15</sup>), that is to say, the Rhodians. It will be noticed that the Ionian territory thus extends from the Gulf of Antioch to Rhodes, including Cyprus, and that the Phœnicians have not as yet colonized either the latter island or Rhodes. The Greek dialect of Cyprus was allied to the Arcadian, but it was probably derived from a later Greek colony than the Yavan of Genesis,—if, indeed, the latter spoke a Greek dialect at all. The name of the Ionians continued to cling to Cyprus, which in the Assyrian inscriptions is accordingly called by Sargon *mat Yavnâ*, 'the land of the Ionians.'



The omissions in the list of the sons of Japhet are more remarkable than the names that occur in it. There is no mention, for example, of either Ararat or Lud, which appears so frequently in the prophetic books in association with the other Japhethites. The name of Lud or Lydia is first met with in the inscriptions of Assur-bani-pal, and it has been suggested that as the name of a kingdom it is not older than the foundation of the dynasty of Gyges. Ararat, Ass. Urardhu, was merely the Assyro-Babylonian name of a mountainous district before the rise of the kingdom of Urardhu, about 840 B.C. From that time forward, however, this kingdom played so important a part in the history and politics of Western Asia that it could not fail to have been noticed in a geographical table. The Lycians, again, called Lukki in the Tel el-Amarna tablets, are omitted, which points to an age later than that of the tablets.

5. *Iyyim*, 'coastlands,' is the Babylonian *nagē*. A comparison of the verse with vv. <sup>5</sup>, <sup>20</sup>, <sup>31</sup>, <sup>32</sup> would show that the original had *annūti marē* (*Yapati*) *kī pī kimti(-sunu) ū lisanāti(-sunu) ina matāti-sunu ū pikhāti-sunu*, 'These are the sons of Japhet according to (their) families and tongues in their lands and districts'; or simply 'in their lands' if בְּאַרְצֵהֶם and בְּנוֹיָהֶם, for which we have לְנוֹיָהֶם in v. <sup>31</sup>, are merely alternative translations of *matāti*.<sup>1</sup> Then would have come *sa yuparrisu nagē matitān*. The variations in the phrase are instructive and point to variant paraphrastic renderings of the same phrase.

6. The sons of Ham are given in geographical order from south to north, Cush or Ethiopia, Kesh in Egyptian, coming first. The dual form, Mizraim, 'the two Mazors,' refers to Upper and Lower Egypt, 'the two lands' of which the Egyptian Pharaohs call themselves kings. Mazor, 'the wall of fortification,' which protected Egypt on its Asiatic side, and is also termed Shûr (Gn 20<sup>1</sup>, etc.), properly signified Northern or Lower Egypt, and is used in that sense in Is 19<sup>6</sup> 37<sup>25</sup>, Southern Egypt being Pathros, Egyptian Pa-to-ris, 'the land of the south' (Is 11<sup>11</sup>). In Babylonian, Mazor appears as Mizru, a name which can be traced back to the age of Khammu-rabi, but which was

assimilated by the Assyrians to their word Muzru, 'a borderland.'

Phut is mentioned in a fragment of the annals of Nebuchadrezzar, describing his invasion of Egypt in his 37th year, where it is said that in the course of the campaign he defeated 'the soldiers of the city of Pudhu-Yâvan (*i.e.* Phut of the Ionians), a distant land which is within the sea.' This seems to show that it denoted Cyrene, since Amasis, the antagonist of Nebuchadrezzar, was an ally of the Cyrenaic Greeks. At any rate, we may conclude that the old tradition is right which identifies Phut with Libya. Indeed, in the prophetic books it is difficult to see what else it can mean.

Canaan was the brother of Cush and Mizraim only so long as it remained an Egyptian province. With the fall of the Egyptian empire in Asia in the reign of Meneptah about 1250 B.C., and the conquest of Palestine by the Philistines and Israelites, it passed out of the zone of Ham. The name is written Kinakhna and Kinakhkhi (Greek Khna) in the Tel el-Amarna tablets, and probably means 'the lowlands.' In Nu 13<sup>29</sup> the Canaanites are described as inhabiting the coast and the valley of the Jordan.

7. Havilah was the 'sandy' desert of Northern Arabia, the home of the Ishmaelites, and extended as far as the Shûr or 'Wall' of Fortification which protected Egypt and ran pretty much along the line of the present Suez Canal (Gn 25<sup>18</sup>, 1 S 15<sup>7</sup>). It corresponded with the Melukhkha or 'Saltland' of Babylonian and Assyrian geography.

Saba may be Šabu, the mountain of Bel, 'a distant place,' to which the god Zu fled after the theft of the tablets of destiny, according to a Babylonian legend. Professor Hommel has suggested that Šabitu, 'who sits on the throne of the sea' or circumambient ocean, where she was visited by Gilgames, after his journey through the desert of Mas to the gates of the setting sun, was 'the woman of Šaba.'

According to Gn 25<sup>8</sup>, Sheba and Dedan were grandsons of Abraham by Keturah, whose descendants were to be found in the neighbourhood of Midian. Dedan, accordingly, bordered upon Edom, according to Jer 49<sup>8</sup> and Ezk 25<sup>13</sup>; cf. Is 21<sup>18</sup>; similarly, the Sabæans made raids upon Uz (Job 1<sup>15</sup>). The actual home of the Sabæans, however, was in Southern Arabia, where was the kingdom of the queen of Sheba who visited

<sup>1</sup> Semitic Babylonian had no exact equivalent of the Heb. *gôy*, 'people,' *uqu*, which is used for it in the texts of the Persian period, being borrowed from Sumerian, though it is found already in early Babylonian hymns.



Solomon. But, like the Minæans before them, whose traders carried the incense of the south to northern lands, and whose kings have left monuments of themselves in Northern Arabia, the Sabæan kings extended their power to the north of Arabia and established colonies there. Tiglath-pileser IV. came into conflict with them on the Babylonian frontier, and Sargon, when in Palestine in 715 B.C., received tribute from Ithamar, the Sabæan king. In a Babylonian contract-tablet published by Dr. Strassmaier, which is dated in the reign of Samsu-iluna, the son and successor of Khammu-rabi, the name of Sabâ, 'the Sabæan,' occurs, but the Saba meant is more probably Seba than Sheba.

8. 'Now Cush had begotten Nimrod.' This must be an insertion, since the sons of Cush have been already mentioned, and Assyria and Babylonia were in the zone of Shem (v.<sup>22</sup>) and not of Ham. The Cush of v.<sup>8</sup>, however, is not the Cush of v.<sup>6</sup>, but either the Kassites as in Gn 2<sup>13</sup>, or the city of Kis which played a leading part in the early history of Babylonia. 'He was the first to be a "hero" in the land,' i.e. as we learn from vv.<sup>10, 11</sup>, the land of Babylonia and Assyria. This shows that we have here another extract from the 'book of Origins'; see 4<sup>26</sup> 6<sup>1</sup> and 9<sup>20</sup>. In this fresh extract it is the origin of sovereignty that is described. As the statement that Nimrod was 'the first to be a hero' is not qualified by the addition of the words 'after the deluge,' it would seem that he must have been an antediluvian, and therefore born to one of 'the sons of Elohim' (6<sup>4</sup>), more especially when we remember that the antediluvian patriarchs of Babylonia were kings. On the other hand, the royal title is deliberately withheld from the Hebrew patriarchs, and from the position in which the account of Nimrod stands in the narrative we must gather that the Biblical writer regarded him as living after the flood. This certainly was the view taken by George the Syncellus, who identified him with Euêkhoos (Enwe-Êkua), the first of the postdiluvian kings of Babylonia. We cannot attain certainty, however, until we have discovered the name of Nimrod in the Assyro-Babylonian texts. The origin of sovereignty is given in the legend of Etana, in which the son of Etana appears to have been represented as the first king; but the legend has come down to us in so mutilated a state that we do not know even the latter's name. We read in one of the fragments of it:

'The great gods, the spirits of the earth, who fix destiny, were seated devising counsel for the world; the framers of the (earth's) corners, the creators of created things, the Igigi (angels of heaven), in opposition to man, were decreeing anarchy for men; no men in quiet seats had established a king; at that time no tiara or crown had been made, and no sceptre of lapis lazuli had been fashioned. Not a single shrine was resplendent; the seven demons bolted the door against mankind. The sceptre, the crown, the tiara, and the shepherd's staff lay before Anu in heaven.'

It was to obtain possession of them that Etana flew to heaven on the back of an eagle. But the attempt to storm the sky failed; the eagle and its rider fell together to the earth and were apparently dashed to pieces. Ælian erroneously transfers the adventure to Gilgames, i.e. Gilgames.

The four facts recorded of Nimrod are—(1) that he was the first *qarradu* or 'hero,' Heb. *gibbor*; (2) that he was a hero-huntsman 'in the presence of Yahweh'; (3) that he was the first ruler of Babylonia and Assyria, and (4) that he was the builder of Nineveh. The second fact may indicate that the notice of him ought to have come after 4<sup>26</sup>, and that consequently he was really an antediluvian. That the marginal rendering in v.<sup>11</sup>—'out of that land he went out into Assyria'—is right is shown by Mic 5<sup>6</sup>, where the parallelism requires that 'the land of Nimrod' should be Assyria.<sup>1</sup> The god Assur, moreover, was a city, not a man or hero, and the Babylonian deity with whom he was afterwards identified was *An-sar*, the upper firmament. Assur, too, was the older capital of Assyria from which the country derived its name, and ought to have been mentioned as a city before Nineveh. And, as Schrader has remarked, if the ordinary translation of the verse is adopted there is no country named in which Nineveh and its sister towns would have been built.

<sup>1</sup> V.<sup>5</sup> as it stands is corrupt, and a *paseq* has accordingly been set against the unintelligible *וה שלום אשר*. This is plainly a marginal gloss which has made its way into the text, and must contain the name of Shalmaneser. The original reading would have been *והיה כי אשר יבא*, 'and it shall be when Asshur comes into our land'; 'Asshur' or 'the Assyrian' was then glossed by 'namely Shalmaneser,' and when the gloss crept into the text *אשר* and *אמר* were confounded together, and *שלום* was written *שלום*. In v.<sup>6</sup> *פתיחה* must be corrected into *פתיחה*, 'they shall shepherd the land of Asshur with the scimitar, and the land of Nimrod with the sword.'



Nothing corresponding with the name of Nimrod has yet been found in the cuneiform texts, but the correctness of the spelling (making allowance for a possible interchange of *d* and *r*) is certified by its occurrence in Micah.

9. The saying was current among the West Semites, whose deity Yahweh (Yahum) was; see 9<sup>26</sup>. Perhaps the expression implies that Nimrod hunted in that part of Babylonia in which the West Semites were settled.<sup>1</sup>

10. The foundation of sovereignty was naturally connected with Babylon when that city under Khammu-rabi became the capital of Babylon and absorbed the traditions of the other cities of the kingdom. Moreover, Babylon was close to Kis. That Babylon should head the list of Babylonian cities shows that the passage belongs to an age subsequent to the rise of Khammu-rabi's empire. On the other hand the mention of Akkad refers us to the age of Sargon and Naram-Sin when that city was the capital of a powerful empire. It was at that period that it gave its name to the whole of

<sup>1</sup> It is possibly worth noting that 'the god NI of Kis,' mentioned in the Babylonian inscriptions, may be 'the god Yau of Kis,' since the ideograph NI is explained by *Yau* as well as *ili*, 'god,' in Sa i. 18, 20.

Northern Babylonia. At an earlier date it had no existence, at all events as a city of importance, and at a later period it became a suburb of Sippara. Erech (Bab. Uruk) was one of the earliest seats of Semitic influence in Babylonia; it was the centre of the cult of Istar, and the capital of a dynasty. Its wall was said to have been built by Gilgames, whose history was closely associated with it. Calneh—Khalannê in the Septuagint—would seem to correspond with the Babylonian city Kul-unu, the Semitic name of which was Kullab. In the Talmud, however, it is identified with Nippur, now Niffer, where stood the chief and oldest sanctuary of Northern Babylonia. It is said to be 'in Shinar' in order to distinguish it from another Calneh,—the Kullâni or Kullania of the Assyrian inscriptions, which was in Northern Syria (Is 10<sup>9</sup>; cf. Ezk 27<sup>23</sup>). Shinar is the Sankhar of the letters from the kings of Alasiya and Mitanni (Aram Naharaim) in the Tel el-Amarna correspondence, and is written Sangar in the geographical list of Seti I. The origin of the name is unknown, since it is not found in the Assyro-Babylonian texts, but the Tel el-Amarna tablets show that it was used by the nations who bordered on the Hittites in the Mosaic age.

## The Bookshelf by the Fire.

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### V.

#### John Donne.

Who or what was John Donne, it may be asked, that he should be given a place in this elect company? The question is not an easy one to answer. Not that I have any doubt it can be answered, but the fascination of Donne, though so real to all who have felt it, is yet so subtle and elusive, so defiant of definition, that it is very difficult to justify to the uninitiated even a very moderate enthusiasm. Donne was, it is true, an intimate friend and, in a sense, the master both of George Herbert and Izaak Walton; and on the principle of 'friends of a friend should themselves be friends,' it is hardly possible to be much in the

company of these two good men without desiring to know more of their friend. But this, though it may lead to an introduction and a nodding acquaintance, is obviously insufficient for admission to the closer fellowship of our bookshelf by the fire. What more, then, is there to be said?

### I.

In the first place, few as are his readers to-day, during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, in an age famous for its great men, John Donne, letter-writer, preacher, and poet, was one of the most famous of the subjects of James I. Indeed,



Mr. Edmund Gosse, with his unrivalled knowledge of Jacobean life and literature, does not hesitate to speak of him as 'perhaps the most brilliantly equipped mind in His Majesty's dominions,'<sup>1</sup> and this at a time when Shakespeare, Bacon, and Bishop Andrewes were still living.

Donne's contemporary fame rested mainly on his preaching. Dr. Jessopp from the side of divinity,<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Gosse from the side of letters, agree in naming him the greatest preacher of his age. Izaak Walton's account of his preaching, based of course on his own recollections, is perhaps too well known to need repetition here. I may quote instead Mr. Gosse's admirable estimate: 'The popularity of Donne as a preacher rose to its zenith in 1626, and remained there until his death in 1631. During those years he was, without a rival, the most illustrious and the most admired religious orator in England. Lancelot Andrewes died in September of the former year. He had enjoyed a marvellous reputation; he had been called *stella predicantium*. But the celebrity of Donne surpassed that of Andrewes, and was unapproached until Jeremy Taylor came. Age gave to the fiery and yet sombre Dean of St. Paul's an ever-increasing majesty of prestige. His hearers borne along upon the flow of his sinuous melody, now soft and winning, now vehement in storm, now piercing like a clarion, now rolling in the meditative music of an organ, felt themselves lifted up to heaven itself. In these early days of Charles I. a sermon delivered by the Dean of St. Paul's was the most brilliant public entertainment which London had to offer.'<sup>3</sup>

This is lofty praise indeed; yet we are assured that, long before Donne had made for himself a reputation as a theologian and preacher, he had come to be regarded as one of the great letter-writers of his time. Such indeed was his reputation that, twenty years after his death, his son issued a quarto volume containing a hundred and twenty-nine of his father's letters, the first collection of private letters, it is said, ever published in England.

It is, however, his poems rather than his letters or sermons by which Donne retains his secure if not considerable place in English literature. Here

again his contemporary reputation was immense; and this is the more remarkable since, with a few exceptions, his poems were not given to the world till after his death. During the eighteenth century they were almost entirely lost sight of. In the following century interest both in the man and in his work revived again. Samuel Taylor Coleridge included him among the 'English Divines,' whose works he enriched with his own annotations; Henry (afterwards Dean) Alford issued his *Works* in six volumes;<sup>4</sup> George MacDonald gave him a chapter to himself in his *England's Antiphon*; Bishop Lightfoot lectured on him as one of the 'Classic Preachers of the English Church';<sup>5</sup> Dr. Jessopp, lifelong admirer and disciple, wrote of him in the 'Leaders of Religion' series; Mr. E. K. Chambers brought out a critical edition of his poems in two volumes; and, finally, in the last year of the century Mr. Edmund Gosse produced his exhaustive and critical biography.

And yet, when all is said, it must be freely admitted that neither as poet, preacher, nor letter-writer is Donne ever likely to gain the suffrage of more than the few. The long, learned, and brilliant sermons which all London crowded to listen to in old St. Paul's are to-day but a handful of dry dust. The letters which have never been reprinted until our own day are now, thanks to the industry and genius of Mr. Gosse, dusted, sorted, and annotated for the benefit of the modern reader. Yet when even an enthusiast like Dr. Jessopp is constrained to admit that as a letter-writer Donne can be attractive *at first reading* only to the few, one cannot help wondering how many, even Mr. Gosse, will succeed in luring back to the necessary second reading. Of Donne as a poet it is less easy to speak. His deep and abiding influence is known to every student of our literature. He was the founder of the school whose most distinguished representatives are Herbert and Crashaw. Two or three of his sacred poems — especially the 'Hymn to God the Father,' beginning 'Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun' — have secured a place in our modern anthologies. Dr. Saintsbury declares that were he to undertake the perilous

<sup>4</sup> Of this, the only edition of the Works of Donne which has ever been attempted, Mr. Gosse has 'not one good word to say; 'it is,' he declares, 'no better than so much paper wasted.'

<sup>5</sup> The lecture is now reprinted in Lightfoot's *Historical Essays* (Macmillan's Eversley Series).

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Letters of John Donne*, vol. ii. p. 3.

<sup>2</sup> See his *John Donne*, in the 'Leaders of Religion' Series, p. 152.

<sup>3</sup> *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 234.



task of singling out the finest line in English sacred poetry he should give his vote for Donne's—

so long  
As till God's great *Venite* change the song.

As a sample of Donne at his best I may quote the lines of which George MacDonald was so fond,<sup>1</sup> written during the poet's last illness:

Since I am coming to that holy room,  
Where, with Thy choir of saints for evermore,  
I shall be made Thy music; as I come  
I tune the instrument here at the door,  
And what I must do then, think here before.

Yet here, too, the word of qualification and even of condemnation cannot be omitted. In saying this I am not thinking so much of the obscurities, the roughnesses, the grotesque conceits, the studied eccentricities that mar so much of Donne's poetry—what Mr. Gosse truly calls his 'irremediable imperfection as an artist.' In matters of this sort every age has its own standards, and it is useless to complain because those of the seventeenth century were not as ours. But Donne's offence lies deeper. To speak plainly, there are extant poems of his which are fit only for the dunghill. And if any one naturally loth to verify the statement for himself is disposed to think it the harsh verdict of a lean and sour puritanism, he may perhaps be satisfied when he finds even so seasoned a man of letters as Dr. Saintsbury driven to declare that Donne is at times 'simply and inexcusably nasty,' 'almost impudently licentious in thought and imagery.'<sup>2</sup> Again it is necessary to keep in mind our altered standards. Literary indecencies which public opinion to-day would not tolerate for a moment passed without comment in the days of James I. But when all is said the unhappy fact remains that across some of his poems Donne's shame is written in letters of fire.

If, then, these things are so, why, my imaginary questioner may ask again, and this time with heightened emphasis, why give to John Donne a place among our fireside favourites?

## II.

The answer to the question is to be found not so much in anything that Donne wrote as in the man himself, in the strange fascination of his

complex and mysterious personality. Yet his secret who can tell? There is about him a splendid obscurity as baffling as it is attractive. Of scarcely any of his illustrious contemporaries do we know so much as we know of him, and yet he eludes us. 'No one,' Mr. Gosse truly says, 'is so difficult to realise, so impossible to measure, in the vast curves of his extraordinary and contradictory features.' Nevertheless, we may seek by the aid of a few rough notes to obtain some conception of this truly remarkable man.

And at once we are impressed by the large place which Donne filled in the lives of many of the most distinguished men of his time. He was, we may be sure, no ordinary man who could meet on terms of intellectual equality such men as Ben Jonson, Francis Bacon, Sir Henry Wotton, John Selden, Bishop Hall, Bishop Montague, Bishop Andrewes, George Herbert, and Izaak Walton. Women, too, of the highest rank and culture, delighted equally in his society. Royalty itself condescended to press upon him the duty of offering himself to the service of the Church. And yet for all this familiar intercourse with the great and learned, we note in Donne throughout a certain intellectual aloofness and isolation. In religion, for example, he was brought up a strict Roman Catholic, and his mother, who outlived him, died in the same faith; but Donne himself in early manhood espoused and for the rest of his life loyally adhered to the Anglican Church. His independence of the prevailing fashions in the literary world was still more pronounced. He was a man of five-and-twenty when Spenser died, and over forty at the time of Shakespeare's death; but he never appears to have betrayed the smallest interest in either. He had an intimate knowledge of the literature of Spain, but concerning the literature of his native land he observes for the most part only an 'austere and contemptuous silence.' 'It seems,' says Mr. Gosse, 'as though the poetry inspired by the Renaissance passion for beauty, the poetry written by Spenser and Shakespeare, and continued by a hundred tuneful spirits down to Shirley and Herrick, was to Donne as meat offered to idols.' It is easy, of course, to dismiss all this as a kind of intellectual near-sightedness, very pitiful to behold; in Donne it was rather a natural stubbornness of mind which must see things for itself, which refused to admire merely what it was bidden to admire, which would

<sup>1</sup> See *England's Antiphon*, p. 116.

<sup>2</sup> See his *Elizabethan Literature*, p. 146, and Introduction to Mr. Chambers' edition of Donne's *Poems*.

be as clay in no man's hands, which knew both how to choose and how to follow its own path.

But probably the main interest of Donne's life for most readers to-day lies in the strangely abrupt contrasts which it presents. His was, to borrow Bishop Lightfoot's phrase, a dislocated life. Now life may be dislocated<sup>1</sup> in two ways: by a change of belief and by a change of character. There is the dislocation of the convert and of a Bunyan. Donne's, as Lightfoot says, like St. Augustine's, was both the one and the other.

It is not easy for us to-day to realize with what fierce intensity the points in debate between the Roman and Anglican Churches were disputed in England during the first half of the seventeenth century. The issues involved were so immediate, so vast and far-reaching, that no serious man could be indifferent to them, least of all a thinker so restless and inquisitive as John Donne. As we have already seen, the controversy ended, so far as he was concerned, in his renouncing the Roman and embracing the Anglican faith. But the change was not due to 'any violent and sudden determination,' nor until he had, as he himself says, to the measure of his power and judgment, 'surveyed and digested the whole body of divinity, controverted between ours and the Roman Church.' It was not, Mr. Gosse thinks, until the year 1607, that is, when Donne was now a man of three-and-thirty, that he ended his wanderings in the No Man's land between the rival religious bodies, and definitely threw in his lot with the Church of England. And it was, if Mr. Gosse is right, this prolonged intellectual uncertainty, even more than moral scruples due to his wild and tempestuous youth, that postponed his ordination until his forty-second year.

But if by 1607 Donne was a convinced Anglican, he had still to experience the great spiritual change which made of him the man and the preacher he afterwards became. And in this connexion it is impossible to ignore the painful facts concerning Donne's early life which either ignorance or reverence led Walton to pass over so lightly in his beautiful but highly-idealized portrait of his master and friend. The simple truth is that behind the licentious poetry to which reference has already been made there lay a licentious life. There is no need to repeat the unsavoury details; they may be read in Mr. Gosse's biography. Once more the

comparison with St. Augustine comes to our minds. 'There was in Donne,' says Archbishop Trench, 'the same tumultuous youth, the same entanglements in youthful lusts, the same conflict with these, and the same final deliverance from them; and then the same passionate and personal grasp of the central truths of Christianity, linking itself, as this did, with all that he had suffered and all that he had sinned, and all through which, by God's grace, he had victoriously struggled.'<sup>1</sup> Victorious, yes, but—

Wounds of the soul though healed will ache,  
The reddening scars remain  
And make confession;  
Lost innocence returns no more;  
We are not what we were  
Before transgression.

And so Donne found it. 'Thou hast set up,' he cries in an exquisite prayer 'which lies like an oasis in the rather sandy wastes of the *Essays in Divinity*,' 'Thou hast set up many candlesticks and kindled many lamps in me, but I have either blown them out, or carried them to guide me in and by forbidden ways. Thou hast given me a desire of knowledge, and some means to it, and some possession of it; and I have armed myself with Thy weapons against Thee. . . . But let me, in despite of me, be now of so much use to Thy glory, that by Thy mercy to my sin, other sinners may see how much sin Thou canst pardon.' And again, in his great 'Hymn to God the Father,' he prays:

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won  
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?  
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?  
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,  
For I have more.'

And once more when the sands of life were fast running out, as 'Paul the aged' rejoiced in that he had obtained mercy while yet he could not forget that once he had been 'a blasphemer and a persecutor and injurious,' so in the heart of Donne memories both bitter and blessed strove together for the mastery: 'I cannot plead innocency of life, especially of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful God, who is not willing to see what I have done amiss.' Nor let it be supposed that this is merely the language of religious convention, the spurious piety which talks about its 'sin' but

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in Lightfoot's lecture referred to above.



forgets its 'sins.' The sob of the penitent is in it. It is the speech of a man who knows where and how and when he has done amiss, and with his finger on the ugly things of his own past cries aloud, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And the grace of God which has so often made His heroes out of broken lives wrought mightily in Donne, transforming a 'magnificent rebel' not indeed into the 'crystal-hearted saint' of Walton's page, but into 'a still more brilliant and powerful servant.'

### III.

Donne's 'abilities and industry in his profession,' writes Walton, 'were so eminent, and he so known and so beloved by persons of quality, that within the first year of his entry into sacred Orders, he had fourteen advowsons of several benefices presented to him: but they were in the country, and he could not leave his beloved London, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendship with many, whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life.' There seems good reason for doubting the story of the 'fourteen advowsons,' but there is no mistake about Donne's attachment to London. A few facts will illustrate the intimacy of the great preacher's tie with the city of his birth and of his choice.

He was born in or near Bread Street, off Cheap-side—John Milton's Street—and within a stone's-cast of the famous Mermaid Tavern. The chief

scene of his ministry was old St. Paul's. In the modern cathedral, against the wall of the south choir aisle, stands his strange effigy, the sole memorial, it is said, of the old cathedral which perished in the Great Fire.<sup>1</sup> Still going west we come to the site, now occupied by the Congregational Memorial Hall, on which stood the old Fleet prison of which, for his indiscreet marriage with the daughter of Sir George More, Donne was for a time an inmate. At Lincoln's Inn he was preacher—or 'Divinity reader' as it was called—for five years, before becoming Dean of St. Paul's. Hard by is the church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, where Izaak Walton was vestryman and Donne for seven years vicar. A few yards still further west is the church of St. Clement Danes where lies his patient, weariful wife, the mother of his twelve children. And finally, to close without completing the list, on or near the site of the Olympic Theatre stood Drury House, in which, when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, Donne received from its owner, Sir Robert Drury, hospitality and friendship.

<sup>1</sup> 'It is the long, gaunt, upright figure of a man, wrapped close in a shroud, which is knotted at the head and feet, and leaves only the face exposed—a face wan, worn, almost ghastly, with the eyes closed as in death. This figure is executed in white marble, and stands on an urn of the same, as if it had just arisen therefrom. The whole is placed in a black niche, which, by its contrast, enhances the death-like paleness of the shrouded figure. Above the canopy is an inscription recording that the man whose effigy stands beneath, though his ashes are mingled with western dust, looks toward Him whose name is the Orient' (Lightfoot).

## In the Study.

### The Seven Words.

#### V.

#### Christ the Human Sufferer.

'I thirst.'—Jn 19<sup>28</sup>.

I. OUR Lord has been hanging six hours on the cross, and yet this is the first word which makes any reference to His bodily sufferings, the first which implies any sort of request for their alleviation. It is a single word—a short word of two syllables only—this fifth word which He utters. It may have been that He had no power to say more, that His tongue clave to the roof of His

mouth, and that His voice failed Him for thirst. The end is very close now, there is very little more that He has to do. He knows that all things are now finished, and soon He will say, 'It is finished.' Now, in order that the Scriptures might be accomplished, He saith, 'I thirst.'

The Scriptures referred to are no doubt the 22nd Psalm, as thus: 'My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws, and thou hast brought me into the dust of death'; and, again, the 69th Psalm, with its still more distinct outline of what actually came to pass at the Crucifixion: 'They gave me also gall for my meat, and in my thirst they gave me

vinegar to drink.' Extreme as was the anguish of this thirst, it is probable that if these words of prophecy had not given licence and liberty to Him, had not, as it were, solicited this utterance from Him, He would have refused to embody it in words, and no outward voice would have told what He was inwardly enduring.

2. There is a natural sequence between this word and the last. That was the voice of soul-loneliness; it was uttered when the conflict was at its fiercest point, when the crisis had been reached; and the seat of that conflict was the soul. That crisis had now passed, and, with a natural sequence, Christ becomes conscious of His distressing physical condition. While the mental and spiritual conflict had lasted, He had not felt fully the agony of the body. There is a strange law of precedence which sometimes comes into play in our human nature. The body, though in distress, can be for a season forgotten, because of great mental engrossment or anguish. Sudden intelligence of danger or distress has been known to banish physical pain; there was, so to speak, no mind to notice the distressing intelligence from the body. Soldiers have fought through the long fight, and have scarcely been conscious of wounds received in the fray; but when the battle was over, then they became aware of their wounds and the painfulness of them.

So with the Christ. While He was fighting with the forces of hell, and compassing the salvation of men, He had no time to feel His physical pain and suffering. It was only when the conflict had passed, and the storm had begun to abate, that He commenced to feel the sharp pain of His bodily suffering, and cried, 'I thirst.'

3. But there was more than the instinctive cry of pain in those words. There was the appeal of human weakness for help. The greatness of our Lord's nature was never more divinely revealed than in this appeal for human help. It is only the truly great that can forgive with that last perfect generosity of forgiveness—the forgiveness which begs for help from the wronged. The smaller nature loves to wrap itself in its cloak of false pride, and in doing so most effectually proclaims its meanness. It is the hall-mark of the petty nature to refuse a kindness from one who has some time or other offended it.

¶ Always suspect that as the meanest prompting of your heart which comes to your lips in the words, 'Oh! I

wouldn't owe anything to him.' The great natures glory in owing anything to anybody, and most of all in owing it to an enemy. For there is nothing which binds a man to your heart like the silent and grateful forgiveness. Let the man who has wronged you feel that you are generous enough to be his debtor, and you have disarmed him of the last weapon of his hostile armoury. More than that, you have made him a humbled and grateful friend. And so it was that our Lord drew men to Him even upon the cross, grappled to His heart the very men whose thoughtless cruelty had chosen Barabbas in His stead and delivered Him to be crucified. The natural cry of physical pain and physical need called out in those rough natures a sympathy that His great spiritual agony could never have evoked.<sup>1</sup>

¶ Christ does not use language like that of Cassius when he laughed at Cæsar because he was sick, and said:

And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:  
His coward lips did from their colour fly;  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'  
As a sick girl.

And why should it not? He was but a man; he was but 'as a sick girl,' and what is there in a sick girl to despise, after all? Jesus Christ said, 'I thirst,' and in this He says to every sick girl, and every sick child, and every sick one throughout the world, 'The Master, who is now in heaven, but who once suffered on earth, despiseth not the tears of the sufferers, but hath pity on them on their beds of sickness.'<sup>2</sup>

## I.

### THE HUMAN NATURE OF CHRIST.

1. It is to St. John that we owe the preservation of this Fifth Saying from the cross. Why should St. John alone of the four Evangelists record it? The reason probably was that there existed in the Church of the Apostle's days a marked tendency to deny the reality of the Lord's human nature, and so to view His Passion as purely phantasmal.

False teachers crept into the Church who said, 'Christ had no real human nature; He was a man in appearance only; what was thought a body was an optical illusion, a miracle that produced upon the senses the impression that a body was there, but there was no solid reality. It is impossible to believe that Jesus Christ, the great God, actually came 'in the flesh.' To these teachers St. John referred in the words, 'Every spirit that confesseth

<sup>1</sup> A. L. Lilley, *Nature and Supernature*, 216.

<sup>2</sup> C. H. Spurgeon, *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, 1915, p. 604.



not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God.' 'Many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an antichrist.' His eye is upon them as he sets down this word of Jesus, 'I thirst.' Only that which comes in the flesh can thirst; then Jesus came in the flesh.

2. The tendency to minimize or to disregard the reality of the human nature, which in the Incarnation the Son of God assumed, has, however, continued in the Church all down the ages. If the thought should rise that the Saviour, being God, did not suffer what an ordinary man would have suffered, let us set ourselves to find an instance when our Lord used His Divine power to shield Himself during His earthly life. That Divine power shines forth in mighty words and mighty deeds. 'Never man spake like this man.' 'No man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him.' His Divine glory shines forth to the favoured three on the Holy Mount when He was transfigured before them. But He hungered, and He thirsted, and He was weary with His journeys, and He was tempted, and He was in an agony. There is nothing man suffers which He did not suffer. He was indeed 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief': the deepest of sorrows, the most terrible of griefs; and He never uses His Divine power to free Himself from the needs and pains natural to man.

## II.

### HIS THIRST.

His thirst was the result of His physical and mental sufferings. Jesus was thirsty in every part of His nature; in body, soul, and spirit. His Passion was borne in the perfection of His human nature.

1. *Bodily thirst.*—It is first and undoubtedly a natural thirst. We remember the agony and the bloody sweat in the Garden of Gethsemane. We remember the long wearisome journeys from one tribunal to another. We remember the loss of blood consequent on the terrible scourging. We remember again how the blood must have flowed out when the nails were driven through the Sacred Hands and the Sacred Feet. From His lacerated hands and feet the blood was slowly oozing; and the wounds would be inflamed by exposure to the air, the cruel rending of nerves

and the unnatural tension of the suspended body would exhaust the Sufferer and produce thirst. Remembering all these things we arrive, no doubt, at one cause of the thirst of JESUS CHRIST on the cross.

¶ One of the most insufferable, even maddening, of pains to which the mortal frame can be exposed is unassuaged thirst. It is caused by other pain of every sort, and it is the awful crown of all the pains that cause it. That is the agony above all others which proclaims itself in never-to-be-forgotten looks and cries to those who have stood upon a battlefield; and whatever there may be of protracted and manifold physical suffering and of mental distress and agitation to cause the thirst of those who lie amid the ghastly scenes of carnage there—all that assuredly there was in the case of Him who was nailed in the strong Eastern noonday heat, and amid the encompassing crowd of fiends and fiend-like men, to die on the accursed Tree.<sup>1</sup>

2. *Thirst for souls.*—But there is a deeper meaning in His words. Once in His ministry, Jesus, 'being wearied with his journey,' rested by a well as He went through Samaria, and 'it was about the sixth hour.' There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, 'Give me to drink.' We know how our Lord in these words meant more than appeared on the surface, and how He gently rebuked the woman: 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee *living water*.'

And now again, 'wearied with his journey,' and also 'about the sixth hour,' He who spake these words is dying on the cross; He is purchasing for all His children the water of life with His own blood, but, as that blood flows down, drop by drop, to assuage the thirst of the world, the loss of it causes that thirst which mystically it also satisfies. If it can now be said of the redeemed, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat,' it is because on Calvary the burning heat of the sun has forced from the lips of the dying Saviour the cry, 'I thirst.' And for what does He thirst, but for our salvation and the fulfilment of the holy will of God?

Still, in one sense, our Lord in glory says, 'I thirst.' He thirsts for the love of men, for the salvation of souls; as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth the soul of Jesus for His redeemed. As a tender parent yearns and longs

<sup>1</sup> P. C. Purves, *The Divine Cure for Heart Trouble*, 191.

for His children to grow up pure, and good, and noble, so yearns Jesus over us His children. He thirsts that we may thirst for Him; when we thirst for Him in a barren and dry land where no water is, we learn to minister to Him by helping others, as He said, 'In that ye have done it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.'

3. *Thirst for God.*—But the words 'I thirst' have a third meaning, the greatest and highest of all. Jesus' bodily thirst, and the thirst of His soul, were as nothing compared with His spiritual thirst for His Father. The clouds of sin had separated His soul for a while from the vision of His Father's face. He had said, 'Why hast thou forsaken me?' But now the clouds had rolled away; the brief moment of separation was over; and He said, 'I thirst.' Yes, He thirsted for the end, for the moment when He could say, We will go into the House of the Lord, for the work is done; I will go into the House of God—Heaven—taking with Me human nature sanctified, redeemed, glorified! He thirsted for the end, the glory of God! And we too must in some degree thirst in these three ways.

### III.

#### CHRIST'S THIRST SATISFIED.

1. *His bodily thirst.*—There are three draughts on the cross mentioned. The first is the proffered opiate, refused because He meets death without respite or alleviation. The second is the mock wassail-cup, the caricature of the imperial coronation wine. The third is that on which we meditate. Jesus had declined the stupefying potion which was offered Him immediately before He was nailed to the cross, because He desired that His faculties might be kept clear while He was bearing the burden of our sins; and now for the same reason He accepted the vinegar, which was meant to refresh, and was also given with a touch of pity and kindness. Some one brought the longed-for relief. He held the sponge to the parched lips, and the thirst of Jesus was relieved for the last time. We do not know anything of the merciful bystander; but, friend or foe, his act was greater and more momentous than he knew. And He who promised a reward to every one bringing a cup of cold water to the thirsty, He who so richly repaid the Samaritan woman who gave him to drink at the well is not forgetful, we may be sure,

of the watcher who relieved His thirst at the cross.

2. *The thirst of His soul.*—Who is there that would not have been prompt and glad to give literal drink to that thirsty One upon the cross? Who would not have fought a hard way through all hosts of Philistines to reach the Well of Bethlehem and draw water thence for this greater David's thirst? But the Saviour is still saying, 'I thirst.' How and where? Listen! 'I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink.' 'Lord, when saw we thee athirst, and gave thee drink?' 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.' Wherever the brothers and sisters of Jesus are suffering, sitting in lonely rooms and wishing that somebody would come and visit them, or lying on beds of pain and needing somebody to come and ease the pillow or to reach the cup to the dry lips, there Christ is saying, 'I thirst.'

The world is perishing for want of the water of life. The cry of Jesus is the cry of the slums, of the lapsed masses, of the friendless and despairing, of thieves and murderers, of the pagan multitudes, of those who dwell in the regions of darkness and of the shadow of death, of the poor and unbefriended and unholy everywhere. Would you give Jesus to drink? Then put the cup of water to their lips.

¶ We have the power to satisfy this thirst of Christ, not only in ministering to our Lord in the person of His poor, but by offering to Him our own self. He thirsts for our eternal welfare. To-day let us, who have been regenerated in the waters of life, see that we satisfy this thirst by ourselves thirsting after righteousness. The less we thirst after Him, the more He suffers; by thirsting for Him we give Him to drink. But after all, it is our own good that He desires, thirsts for; it is our own thirst he would allay. We must thirst—whether we will or no; but He would fain satisfy us! 'I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely' is His own gracious promise.

¶ Let us then in listening to the cry, 'I thirst,' draw near and ask of Him who thirsts to fulfil His promise to give us of the water of life freely, so that we 'shall never thirst.' 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' 'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> R. E. Hutton, *The Crown of Christ*, i. 506.



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## Virginibus Puerisque.

## I.

## February.

## AN OLD-TIME PARTY.

‘There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great wealth.’—Pr 13<sup>7</sup>.

‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.’—Mt 6<sup>33</sup>.

Your grown-up friends will tell you that they can never forget their schooldays. They remember the lessons, and they remember their school-fellows they remember the fun too.

It used to be a question with us whether the fun of winter or the fun of summer was the better. While in July and August we favoured summer, in

January and February we believed very strongly in winter.

One of winter's attractions was a party we all liked very much. It was held on a certain Tuesday in February. In some calendars it is marked as Shrove Tuesday. That does not sound very festive, does it? It was not meant to do so. Originally Shrove Tuesday was a day set apart for humiliation and the confession of sin, in preparation for Lent, which began on the day following.

In course of time the idea of confession and penance was set aside, and Shrove Tuesday came to be regarded as a day of mirth and sport. It is strange to think that a children's party at length grew out of it—a party which in the north of Scotland used to be looked forward to as a very happy event. It is as the children's festival that I want to speak to you about it.

Boys and girls in a village school might sit puzzling over their sums on a disagreeable February afternoon, and be comforting themselves with thinking, ‘This is pancake day, we shall have great fun to-night!’ They looked forward to a party at which pancakes, or, to give them their Scottish name, *bannocks*, held a prominent place. Little *bannocks*, big *bannocks*, they were of all sizes. Games followed tea; but the event of the evening was the cutting up of a pancake, or *bannock*, that was bigger and thicker than any of the others. In it were concealed a ring, a sixpence, and a button. Each boy and girl got a piece of the pancake, and thus had a chance of finding one or other of the articles. To find the ring was the chief honour; the boys were generally eager to get the sixpence; nobody wanted to get the button.

There must have been wise heads at the starting of the party that became a children's one. To get the ring meant that the finder would be beloved; the boy or girl who found the sixpence would become wealthy; but the finder of the button was one who would never make much of anything—he would ‘never get there,’ as we say.

The old-fashioned party preaches a sermon to us—a sermon about boys and girls. It places them in three sets—those to whom Love is the greatest thing in the world, those to whom money is everything, and those who get the button, who never make much of anything.

The first two need to be united. It is a good thing to be careful of money; even love cannot

get on without it. The Great Master was the son of poor people. In His home there would never be more than just enough to satisfy very simple wants. He Himself worked for a livelihood until the last year or two of His life. But, while He saw the need of money, He knew that the love of it could draw the mind away from what was good. His whole life was a story of love. And because some people are followers of Him, out of their lives they make a story a little like His. A tired workman, making his way home after a day's toil, passes a toy shop; he sees something in the window that makes him stop. It is a little toy horse. He can ill afford it, but he goes in and buys it for the sick boy he has at home. That man had both the sixpence and the ring. Don't you understand? If you have the sixpence, you need the ring—you need the love.

A Tasmanian preacher in one of his sermons tells of the little spring that trickles from beneath a stone on the mountain side.

'Where have you come from, little spring?' he asks. 'From the deep, dark heart of the mountains!' the spring replies. 'And whither away in such a dreadful hurry?' 'To the deep dark bed of the ocean; can't you hear it calling?' On it rushed, laughing and leaping all the way, singing a song, leaping over waterfalls until at last it found the great river, plunged gaily in, and moved grandly with the waters out to the deep, deep sea. 'Happy little spring!' the preacher adds. But he goes on to tell of rivers that have set out to go to the sea. They too have heard the cry of the deep; but they lost themselves in the sand. *They never got there.*

Boys and girls, do you understand the lesson? I think you do. Be sure you find the ring, then look for the sixpence; never be content with the button.

The advice Jesus gave, was—*Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.* He followed the advice with a wonderful promise. It was that everything necessary would be added to us. What do we need more?

## II.

### The Right Kind of Ears.

'Speak; for thy servant heareth.'—1 Sam. 3<sup>10</sup>.

The other day I read a story which came all the way from Japan. A missionary was walking along

the streets of a Japanese town, and at one corner he came upon a man who had a group of children gathered round him. He was telling them a story. This was the story he told:

'Once upon a time a little boy went to heaven, and when he got there he saw some very queer things lying on a shelf. "What are these for?" he asked. "Are they to make soup of?" "Oh no," was the reply, "these are the ears of the little boys and girls who never paid any attention to what they heard. The good things never got past their ears, and so when they died their ears got to heaven, but the rest of their bodies did not." A little farther on he saw another shelf with more queer things laid on it. Again he asked, "Are these for soup?" "Oh no," was the reply, "these are the tongues of the little boys and girls who were always telling other people how to be good, but were never good themselves, and so when they died their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies did not."'

Now, of course, this is just a fairy story, but like many a fairy story it has a meaning. God has given us hands and feet and ears and tongues and hearts and minds, and He means us to use them in the right way. Some people don't use them at all, and some people use them in a wrong way. And so for a few Sundays I want to talk to you about the right way of using these gifts which God has given to us.

To-day I am going to speak about the right kind of ears. Ears are very important things, aren't they? We couldn't get along very well without them. You will find your text in the First Book of Samuel, the third chapter and the tenth verse—'Speak; for thy servant heareth.'

You all know the story of Samuel. You remember how his mother prayed that if God would send her a son she would lend him to the Lord all the days of his life. You recall how she brought him to Eli the priest, when he was a little boy of about three years, so that he might serve God in the tabernacle. You remember how Samuel was busy in the tabernacle doing the little odd jobs—running messages for Eli, drawing the curtains which formed the doors, trimming and lighting the lamps—until one night when he was asleep in one of the rooms beside the tabernacle court something great happened—God spoke to him.

Samuel had the right kind of ears. But what are the right kind of ears? I suppose we have all



ears, and yet they are not always the right kind of ears because we don't use them in the right way. It was a frequent saying of Christ's, 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' A great many of the people to whom He spoke did not understand Him. It is said of His own parents, who had brought Him up, 'They understood not the saying which he spake unto them,' and sometimes even His disciples, who were so much in His company, did not understand His word. They were not listening in the right way.

1. Well, there are four things that the right kind of ears must be. And the first thing is, they must be *open* ears. Your ears would be of no use to you at all if you were deaf, and they would be of very little use if you stuffed them with cotton-wool. Then you would hear voices as a distant murmuring. What is it that deafens people's ears to God's voice? Well, very often it is the din of the world. It is so loud in their ears that they do not hear the still, small voice. And sometimes it is cares and worries that shut their ears, and sometimes it is indulgence in sin. I think the ears of children are often more open to God's call than the ears of grown-up people, because they are not deafened by the noise of the world — by its pleasures, and cares, and sins.

2. And then, in the second place, the right kind of ears must be *understanding* ears. There might be nothing wrong with your ears, your hearing might be perfect, and yet you might not know what a person was saying, because he was talking in a foreign language. We must have ears that understand God's language. And yet it is no foreign language in which God speaks to us, but the language of our everyday life. Only we mistake His voice for the voice of other people. Even Samuel made this mistake at first. God called to him, and he thought the voice was Eli's. And God speaks to us often in the voice of our minister, or our teacher, or our mother. We think it is they who are speaking, and it is really God.

Why, if we only understood, we could hear God speaking to us constantly, for He speaks in so many different ways. When you see any beautiful sight, or hear any beautiful sound, that makes you wish to be good, that is God speaking. God made all things beautiful, and He speaks to us through them. When you hear or read about brave and noble men and women and feel you would like to be like them, that is God speaking again.

I think people who do not understand are rather like mules. The mule has very large ears, and I expect he makes rather a point of them and thinks them very handsome, but they don't serve him to much purpose. Do you remember what the Psalmist said, 'Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding.' So don't let us be like the mule: let us keep the ears of our understanding open.

3. And then, in the third place, the right kind of ears must be *attentive* ears. Your hearing may be perfect and people may be talking in your own language, yet you may not hear because you are not listening. Mother asks you three or four times to run an errand for her, but you are so engrossed in your book or your game that you don't hear her. And we are sometimes so much taken up with our work or our pleasure that we don't hear God's voice, because we don't stop to listen for it.

4. In the fourth place, the right kind of ears must be *obedient* ears. You may have perfect hearing, you may understand, you may be quite aware of what is going on around you, and yet you may not hear because you do not *wish* to listen. Samuel learned obedience by doing the unimportant, uninteresting, drudgery work in the Temple, and when God's call came he was ready for it.

Let no boy or girl be ashamed to obey. It is only those who have learned to obey who know how to command. Baden-Powell tells a story of a man in the Boer war who spoilt a very promising ambush by disobeying an order. The men had been forbidden to fire, but one man fired a shot and made the enemy aware of the force which was lying in wait for them. 'It would have been different,' said Baden-Powell, 'if he had learned to obey when he was a boy.'

So the right kind of ears are those that hear God's call and obey it. And I want you to notice, in the last place, that God calls boys and girls. He called Samuel in the Tabernacle, He called David the shepherd-lad, He made use of a little maid in His healing of Naaman, the Syrian. Jesus called the little children to Him when He was here below, and the disciple who lay upon His bosom was the youngest of the twelve. God calls boys and girls. Let us ask Him to give us the right kind of ears so that we may hear and obey His call.

## III.

## Worshipping Children.

A volume of stories and addresses by the late Rev. J. G. Stevenson has been published under the title of *Worshipping Children* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). It is good; it is all good. Here is a fair example:

## NORNA.

Once there was a little girl called Norna, sometimes very good, sometimes rather cross, looking quite pretty in a sun-bonnet and aged seven years and some odd days. Norna had a grandmother who sometimes thought that she might behave better, but who all the time was very fond of her, as is the way of grandmothers. Norna got tremendously excited one day when she knew that her grandmother was going to take her a long railway journey to Scotland; and at the appointed time, with much anticipation and a half-ticket, she found herself seated in a railway carriage with grandmother right opposite. Before the train started an old blind lady came to the carriage-door on the arm of an attendant and was safely guided inside. Very carefully she felt her way until she was able to sit down on the cushion. Norna looked at her rather hard, fascinated by her sightless eyes, for she thought it could not be rude to stare at blind people; and as Norna looked, into her own little heart there came great pity for the blind lady and a great thankfulness to God because she herself could see.

Norna lived in Liverpool, and at some times of the year Liverpool is a very nice place to get away from. So once the train was clear of the city Norna's spirits rose, and she grew so glad that she quite forgot the blind lady. Mile after hurried mile the train sped, and before long the engine was painfully climbing the hill country in the Lake district. In the half-mist the hills lay around like drowsy lions, and Norna's grandmother was so delighted that she called out aloud, 'Norna, dear, do look at these magnificent hills!' 'Hush, grannie,' said Norna at once, 'hush!' And she spoke as though she meant it. Grannies are not used to be ordered to hush by their granddaughters, but there was something about the way Norna spoke that made her grandmother keep quite quiet. A minute or two afterwards Norna explained her-

self. She came and whispered in her grandmother's ear, 'You see, grannie dear, that poor blind lady in the other corner cannot see; and I was afraid that if she heard us talking about the beautiful hills it would hurt her more than ever to think that she is blind.'

Norna's grandmother understood; and she had no thought of anything but praising her, for it is always splendid when small children are considerate of other folk. Jesus Christ especially likes them to be considerate of those who are old, or lame, or ill, or infirm, or blind.

What about you? One day I saw an old blind man hobbling along the pavement, when out of school came a lot of noisy boys rushing like a menagerie let loose. They did not mean to be unkind, but they ran right into the old blind man and almost knocked him over. This was inconsiderate, and you must never act in that way. Indeed, if ever you see a blind person who is halting because he does not know exactly where to tread next, be sure to go to him and ask him whether you can tell him anything or lead him anywhere or do anything for him. Try hard to be considerate, not only to blind people, but also to all others who have a call upon the pity of Christ and the sympathy of little children.

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Point and Illustration.

'Oh, but you will Come and Pray.'

It is to be hoped that many of the army chaplains will write down their experiences. If they have eyes to see, as most of them have, there will be something in their narratives that will help us all to be more real in our religion. The Rev. Frederick Humphrey has told his story in *The Experiences of a Temporary C.F.* (Hunter & Longhurst; 2s. net). And he has told it just as we would have it told—plainly and truthfully. There is not a word of eloquence to 'heighten the effect,' there is not a word of exhortation to 'drive the lesson home.' Let us take this from it:

'It was the writer's custom to visit certain men at evening time for a brief Scripture-reading and prayer. On leaving a ward one night he noticed a lad lying in a corner bed evidently suffering terrible pain; the poor boy was moaning and crying. "Is the pain very bad, sonny?" "Aye," answered the lad, "it is that!" "I wish I could do something to take it away," said the Chaplain.



"Would you like me to pray with you?" With a wistful look the suffering lad questioned: "Do you think it will do any good?" "It can't do any harm," answered the Chaplain. "God is our good Father, and He tells us to make our requests known unto Him. You want ease in your pain and a good sleep; let us ask our Heavenly Father," and kneeling by the bed a simple prayer asking this definite thing was offered, and the Chaplain left with a "good-night" wish. The next day, going through the ward, he called at the corner bed, and found a smiling welcome awaiting him. "Oh, chaplain," said the lad, "I did have a good sleep, and the pain is so much better." And then he added: "You will come in again to-night and pray?" "Now see here, sonny," said the Chaplain; "I am quite willing to come in and pray for a good night's rest; but suppose the prayer is not answered again, you must not say it is no use praying. It may be God's will that you should suffer. It is quite well for us to pray for the things we want; but we have not learned the real meaning of prayer until we can pray, 'Thy will be done.' Can you manage that?" For a time the lad lay quiet, and the Chaplain wondered whether he had blundered in speaking so soon of the top round of the steep ladder of prayer. Could one who knew little or nothing about prayer be expected to mount so high? And then came a cry from the heart: "Oh, but you will come and pray!" Not once, nor twice, but many times was prayer offered, and it was fully answered when that lad left hospital, recovered from his wounds, happy in the knowledge of Christ as His Saviour and God as His Father.

#### The Moderns.

Mr. John Freeman is a penetrating critic of his contemporary men of letters, whom he calls *The Moderns* (Scott; 6s. net). The Moderns are George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, Maurice Maeterlinck, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson, and Robert Bridges. They are not all living; but, living or dead, they are all modern. They have the modern manner; they are modern men. He criticises them all acutely, unsparingly, though he is more restrained, we think, with the dead than with the living. He criticises none of them unfairly or with bad temper. And as he criticises

he gives the reader a surprisingly sound estimate of the men they are, and the work they have done.

With Coventry Patmore, Mr. Freeman is at his best, and we thank him for that essay. Yet even here he is not appreciatively asleep. Every overstrain of emotion is detected. He says: 'For my own part, this is the only modern verse, other than some lines of Shakespeare, Burns, and Keats, which I find it hard to read without tears; and though I have read these odes a hundred times I know not where, precisely, the secret of their unfailing poignancy is lodged, or how it is to be described:—just as, though I have watched them a thousand times, I know not how to explain the acute poignancy of a sea-bird's flight or the scream of a swallow. Many of these singular utterances are the expression of personal experience; but even where this is not obviously the case, Patmore's psychology of love and grief, of the ingenious cunning of sorrow, is as true as it is subtle. In *The Azalea* he dreams that she he loves is dead; he wakes, and for a delicious moment is thankful it was only a dream—until he is reminded, by the breath of the azalea, that indeed, indeed, she *is* dead. In *Departure* he reproaches her for going the "journey of all days with not one kiss or a good-bye," seizing upon the lesser grief as a shield against the greater. With *The Toys* every one is acquainted, and also, perhaps, with the following little piece which is only printed here in order that Patmore may speak fitly for himself:

#### IF I WERE DEAD.

If I were dead, you'd sometimes say, 'Poor Child!'  
The dear lips quivered as they spake,  
And the tears brake  
From eyes which, not to grieve me, brightly  
smiled.

Poor Child! Poor Child!  
I seem to hear your laugh, your talk, your song.  
It is not true that Love will do no wrong.  
Poor Child!

And did you think, when you so cried and smiled,  
How I, in lonely nights, should lie awake,  
And of those words your full avengers make?  
Poor Child! Poor Child!

And now, unless it be  
That sweet amends thrice told are come to thee,  
O God, have Thou *no* mercy upon me!  
Poor Child!

If any criticism might be ventured upon, in considering such an acutely painful poem, it would be that this stark rehearsal of intimate grief is intolerable. Just the same absolute note is heard in *A Farewell*, mitigated by those casual touches of pure beauty which make even such grief endurable, and by the remote hope of rencounter (to quote one of the most magical of single lines):

Seasoning the termless feast of our content  
*With tears of recognition never dry.*

#### Siberia.

'The earth is full of the habitations of cruelty'—well, at any rate Siberia is. Mr. I. W. Shklovsky travelled *In Far North-East Siberia* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d. net) among the people who inhabit the Kolyma, and surely a more undesirable land to live in or a more undesirable people to live among, the earth has not.

A truly terrible story is told—and it is told as all the stories are, with the inescapable impressiveness of the dreadful reality itself—a story of what comes of banishing criminals to these inhospitable regions. The official title for the Kolyma region is 'Unsuitable for human habitation.' The experience of the haillak, as the exiled criminal is called, is intolerable; but even more intolerable is the experience of the people among whom he is sent to live.

'In their reckoning each haillak costs the Oulooss ten or twelve roubles per month, and this, when the Yakuts themselves are obliged to live on bark, flavoured with a little sour milk, and when in the Verkhoysansk region they are obliged to eat field-mice so that they may not die of starvation. In order to protect their wives and daughters from the haillak, the Yakuts give him

an orphan girl with whom to cohabit. Pitiable indeed is the plight of this wretched girl! Her terrible tyrant rules her with fist and cudgel, and her face is never free from bruises. The haillak so despises the Yakuts that, though he may live for years among them, the only word of their language which he will condescend to learn is "give!"

'Life under these conditions is equally intolerable on both sides. The Yakuts regard the haillak as vermin, as a savage, wicked beast that drains their life; as an evil satyr who will violate wives and daughters in the presence of their husbands and fathers. On the other hand, the criminal forced to live among savages, who do not understand him, feels his position to be worse than solitary confinement. Finally, driven to desperation, he does something terrible in order to compel the authorities to remove him from this accursed region. While I was in the Kolymsk district one of these criminals, without any reason, threw the child of a small chieftain into a fire and held him there with an iron rod until he was burnt to death. Despair gave courage to the Yakuts. They sprang upon him, bound him, and took him to Sredne Kolymsk, and from there to Yakutsk, where he was sentenced to twelve years' hard labour.

'Near Nijne Kolymsk there is a clan of eighteen Yakuts who have to maintain fourteen of these transported criminals. It is difficult to believe, but it is a fact that the entire clan are the slaves of the haillaks. The Yakuts give to each haillak everything necessary—draw-nets, nets, dogs, sledges, etc.; the savages themselves, having no nets of their own, work for him, receiving for themselves only one-third of the total catch. Very often the haillak will trade all the things for drink, and then demand new ones.'

## The Fisherman as Expositor.

BY THE REV. NICHOLAS OLIVER, NEWTON ABBOT, DEVON.

It is a strange thing that, considering the number and importance of the disciples who were fishermen, no scholar seems to have studied the Bible, and especially the Gospels, from the fisherman's point of view.

Biblical students have given the fullest attention to the agriculture of Palestine, but the cult of the fisherman seems to have been neglected. This is surprising, because from a fisherman's standpoint many things assume a different aspect.



## I.

It is an accepted belief that John, for instance, must have been unlettered and poor, because he was a fisherman.

That Peter and John were 'unlearned and ignorant men' according to the standard of the Scribes and Pharisees in Jerusalem we all know. But no one who knows what their standard was would accept their dictum as applying, say, to the ability to write the life and sayings of Christ. From the fisherman's point of view it is seen that neither Peter nor John could have been poor men.

This is shown in the accounts of fishing operations in the New Testament. In practically all the pictures of the fishing work sketched for us there, the method is what is known as *seining*; as a matter of fact the very identical word of which this English term is the lineal descendant—*sagene*—is used in Mt 13<sup>47</sup>. In Matthew and Mark the term used of the fishing apparatus is 'circle-net' (*amphiblestron*), whilst Mark, according to Westcott and Hort, gives the 'twist' to the verb by making it 'circle-casting' (*amphiballo*).

The general interpretation put on this by landmen is that the disciples were fishing with a draw-net, in quite shallow water, dragging it ashore like a small salmon-net. That this was not the case, however, is seen by their references to 'their partners in the other boat' (Lk 5<sup>7</sup>), and by the fact that there was a difference in the size of the boats, the second craft being described in Jn 21<sup>8</sup> as the 'little boat.' This is an exact description of fishing with what is known as the 'stop seine,' a large, swift-rowing boat, and a small tender or 'follower.'

Now a seine of this description was the most expensive piece of machinery known in that calling. It is a very expensive thing nowadays; it was far more so then, when net had to be braided by hand. Moreover, it requires a big crew to work it, and consequently has always been financed by either a wealthy capitalist or a number of fairly well-to-do men in partnership.

If the father of James and John was able to finance that type of fishery and to have hired servants to manage the craft (Mk 1<sup>20</sup>) he could not have been a poor man; and in the district of Capernaum such educative facilities as were common to Greek-speaking communities would certainly have been within the reach of a family

such as his. This gives us a different impression of the standing, and therefore education, of Zebedee, James, and John at least, and also has some bearing upon the position of Peter, since Simon was partner with them (Lk 5<sup>10</sup>). Their partnership must have constituted a fairly well-to-do company, and these well-known disciples were the capitalists.

## II.

Another matter in which the fisherman's viewpoint is illuminating is in the interpretation of certain New Testament words.

There is, for instance, the word *huperoon*, rendered in the A.V. 'upper room,' and in the R.V. 'upper chamber.' Those who are acquainted with the habits of the fisherman and his methods of work would be inclined to put it in one word, like the Greek, and translate it 'loft.' In that case it would call to mind, not a small room easily lit after sunset, where everything which occurred would be plainly visible to all, but a long, dark loft, with a small lamp of cheap oil—probably fish oil—and tow. Such a lamp would be enough to show the faces of those met around it, but nothing more. How easy it would be in such a place, most of it in darkness, and its best light but semi-darkness, to misunderstand and therefore to misinterpret what was seen.

Then there is that word *sunalizomenos* (R.V. 'being assembled together,' Ac 1<sup>4</sup>), which has been such a puzzle to etymologists. The Vulgate renders this by *convescens*, 'eating together'—'as if,' says one commentator, 'the word were derived from *hals*, salt.' Some of the Greek fathers interpreted the word in this sense, Chrysostom expounding it by *trapedzes koinon*, 'the table of fellowship.' The commentator referred to, however, traces it to *halks*, 'close-packed.' Might not a knowledge of fishery have provided the key to this word, and solved the difficulty?

It is often stated nowadays that for a proper understanding of New Testament Greek we ought to study, not the Greek of the schools and the literati, but the Greek of the merchant, the shop-keeper and the man of affairs, and that when the mass of Greek bills of lading, commercial correspondence, agreements, etc., now in the possession of the scholars has been classified, it will revolutionize our conception of certain New Testament words and phrases. A better illustration of this

and a better example of colloquial Greek could perhaps hardly be found than the word *sunalizomenos*.

It is manifestly the equivalent (Greek) of our modern saying 'packed like sardines,' though without the humorous element, because it was an ordinary concept; moreover, it is not our way of packing sardines, but the method of the Eastern Mediterranean littoral. For, although the word is traced back to *halēs*, that word in its turn must be further referred to its undoubted original, *hals*, 'salted.' Literally the word means 'salted together.'

The explanation of so strange a term is found in the importance of the trade in salted fish, and the method by which the salting was done. Data are plentiful, but must be looked at with the fisherman's eyes.

We know that the Phœnicians had an export trade in salted fish as far back as the time of Nehemiah.

'There dwelt men of Tyre therein, which brought fish and all manner of ware and sold on the Sabbath unto the children of Judah and in Jerusalem' (Neh 13<sup>16</sup>).

It would have been impossible to get fish from Tyre, or even from Joppa to Jerusalem in a fresh state; they must therefore have been salted, and as the journey from Tyre was largely overland, weight would naturally have been an important factor, hence the dry method of salting would have been the one favoured.

It is pretty certain, from the remains which still exist, that the Phœnicians carried out this method of 'curing' fish all along the Mediterranean coasts and into Spain. The very name of Malaga (Hebrew, *malach*—the *ch* being guttural—'salt') means a salting place.

From Spain this trade seems to have been carried by the Spanish Phœnicians even to the most westerly parts of Britain, since the Palestinian method and the Palestinian press are common to all.

The method of 'curing' was to place a layer of salt on the ground, generally under cover, and on this to deposit a layer of fish. After some time the salt gradually turned to brine, which, slowly percolating through the mass of fish, effectively salted them.

When this process was complete, they were packed in light barrels, and the brine and oil squeezed out of them by heavy stones hung on one end of a long pole. The inner end of the pole was stuck in a hole made for it in the wall of the press-house, and, in cases where the house was on a rock foundation, a hole in the rock did equal service. In this way the fish, in addition to being pressed dry, were *packed closely together*.

The press used for this purpose in Cornwall and West Devon, up to about thirty or forty years ago, was precisely similar to that in use in Palestine in Biblical times for pressing grapes, and is still in use in most country districts of the Holy Land to-day. (See *Encyclopædia Biblica*, col. 5314; Mackie, *Bible Manners and Customs*, p. 45.)

It is fair to assume that where these press-holes are found in the rocks and ruined walls along the coasts, and where the Syrian form of press has been used, they may be taken as an indication of Syrian influence and trade.

The connexion between Galilee and Phœnicia must have been pretty intimate; see Lk 6<sup>17</sup>, Ac 12<sup>20</sup>.

The term 'salted,' therefore, to the Syrian, whether Phœnician or Galilean, would mean, as the word *halēs* suggests, close packed together; but the knowledge of the etymology of the word gives a more vivid picture than is conveyed without it.

In these ways—and possibly in others, as, for instance, the study of weather phenomena and its bearing on certain so-called miracles of the Old Testament especially—a close study of Scripture from the fisherman and mariner's standpoint may cause 'Yet more light. . .'



## Contributions and Comments.

### The Disciple whom Jesus loved.

I HAVE read with great interest your summary of Professor Swete's discussion of the identity of the beloved disciple. With the reasons he gives against identifying him with John the Son of Zebedee I am in entire agreement. In my *Studies in the Inner Life of Jesus* I also conjectured that the beloved disciple was the host at the Last Supper, and that this explains the seat he occupied, and also his being alone in recording the incident of the washing of the disciples' feet. I cannot identify him with Lazarus; but my conclusion does not rest on the same ground as Professor Swete's. As I have pointed out elsewhere, there was some reason, now lost to us, why the family of Bethany was in the early days of the Church passed over in silence. It is not improbable that the beloved disciple stood in some close connexion with it, and that for a similar reason his name also was not mentioned in the early traditions. Is not the account of the arrangements both for the use of the ass and of the upper-room a clear indication that the identity of the owner of both, probably the same person, was to be concealed? If there was this close connexion with the home in Bethany, the arrangements recorded could be made there without any visit of Jesus Himself to Jerusalem for any such purpose. If the beloved disciple was rich, influential, intimate with the high priest, as the evidence available suggests, it is not at all improbable that he belonged to one of the leading priestly families in Jerusalem. This is confirmed by the statement of Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus, that 'John, too, who leaned on the Lord's breast, who had been a priest and wore the high priest's mitre, both witness and teacher—he sleeps in Ephesus' (Eusebius' *Ecclesiastical History*, v. xxiv.). We may be doubtful about the high priestly dignity here ascribed, but the basis of the tradition may have been the fact of a close connexion with the high priestly family. Was it because of this close connexion that the identity of the beloved disciple was passed over by the early tradition, as he desired to keep his discipleship concealed? Is he referring to himself as well as others in Jn 13<sup>42, 43</sup>, and condemning himself for

his lack of courage? A companion of Jesus in the earlier phases of the ministry, a secret disciple when Jewish opposition had intensified, and as such an interested and sympathetic witness of the ministry in Jerusalem, the historical reminiscences contained in the Fourth Gospel may have come from him. If this was so, it seems to me that Professor Swete's identification with the rich young ruler must be given up, as it was at a late stage that he came into contact with Jesus. The two facts, that Jesus is said to have loved the rich young ruler, and that He asked a question concerning eternal life, may lend some support to such an identification. But against it is the fact that he cannot have been an eye-witness from the beginning, unless the Synoptic records give us a false impression. That the beloved disciple may have been in many respects like this rich young ruler is highly probable. But the account of Jesus' love suggests a fresh view of the description 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.' It may have been intended as a confession: 'still loved, though afraid openly to acknowledge the loving Master.' It is very gratifying to me to find so great a scholar as Professor Swete moving in the same direction as I have been led to go by my studies. I am sure that the more thorough the study of the problem, the less probable will the traditional view appear.

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### Reunion with Our Own in Another Life.

#### I.

AN article under the above heading appeared in the November issue of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. Apparently its purpose was to disentangle the clear promises of Revelation from the natural yearnings of the human heart. There was much to which one could readily assent—indeed, most men need to guard against the easy error of picturing future life under the influence of present conditions. But the article not only criticised the imagination of sexual relations and family life (in its limited

earthly sense) in heaven, it left one with a perplexing doubt as to how far the criticism of human sentiment was intended to go—and how much the silence of the Scripture on the question of Reunion was meant to imply.

If we were discussing a merely Platonic conception of Immortality the question might well be put—What warrant have we for assuming anything in the nature of Recognition in heaven (Reunion apart from recognition is hardly relevant to the discussion before us)? An existence spiritual, bodiless, haked, is so far outside of our experience that we have no starting-point, no way, and therefore no certain goal. We lose ourselves at once in the trackless expanse of the Unknowable. We may imagine, but we cannot argue. We may use vague language, but there is no corresponding mental picture even of the vaguest outline. But we are dealing with a Revelation through Jesus Christ. We have the New Testament as a starting-place; we have the Lord Jesus Christ as the Way; and, if the New Testament does not explicitly lay down a definite doctrine of Reunion, it does not leave us without guidance, nor wholly without example.

It is too much to name the attempt to obtain the hope of Reunion from the 'Communion of Saints' as 'feeble.' Nor is every reference to Scripture on this subject either 'pitiable' or 'contemptible.' But isolated texts are never the strongest of arguments. Let us rather lay stress on the fact that Scripture dwells on the truth of Resurrection, and has little to say about Immortality. The New Testament knows nothing of a ghost- or shadow-world. It speaks of bodily Resurrection—'not the body which has been,' not the sinful, corruptible, limited body of flesh. There is something essential—a mysterious inner life—that endures; and to this God gives another body—a 'body of glory,' a 'spiritual body.' The resurrection of this present fleshly body, and the naked 'unclothed' life of a spiritual Immortality, are not the only possible alternatives. Paul, at least, is clear and consistent enough. He expects to be clothed with a spiritual body from heaven. And this, if language means anything, implies personal identity. The Pauline eschatology consistently affirms for man a real and complete continuance of being, not an incorporeal immortality like that to which Greek thought looked, but a bodily immortality, a permanence of life in the

integrity of man's entire nature' (*Dict. of Bible*, vol. i. p. 756<sup>2</sup>). Now we may not be able to say how recognition will take place in that future life; nor what is to replace the present mechanism of eye and brain. But surely if there are two persons, well known to each other here, both translated to higher life, both maintaining their personal identity in its completeness (and therefore having some memory of the past), and both possessed of the same spiritual faculties, then we must take a further step and conclude recognition to be inevitable. Example is obviously difficult to find. But the appearance and recognition of Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration is at least suggestive. And the fact that the risen Jesus was not always recognized is not of great relevance, when we bear in mind that His case was unique. It was one of relation between two worlds. It is an example of recognition of a spiritual body by the eye of flesh. Perhaps even then such recognition was possible only to the spiritually prepared person—but it is mediated by physical vision. But the argument is independent of illustration. If Paul's doctrine of the spiritual resurrection-body (to say nothing of New Testament suggestions as to social life in heaven) is not to be brushed aside as meaningless, then, though sexual relations cease, and family life (in its present limited sense) be no more, there must be recognition and reunion. Let us make due allowance for the unspeakable difference between the two lives, the two sets of conditions, the two means of communion. Still the love, and the joy of fellowship, and the spiritual union, which are as real here as any sexual relations and feelings, have their fulfilment yonder—a fulfilment not less but more full of meaning, in a world where the individual and the social lives will both be perfect beyond our present knowledge or imagination.

The article referred to has another line of thought that is rather perplexing. Perhaps the writer's purpose was merely destructive of error and therefore negative. It may be that the impression we received from his silence was as erroneous as his own use of the silence of Scripture would seem to be. But what is to be made of this statement (the reference is to 'first love'): 'Their love had no fulfilment on earth and can have none in heaven; but the love itself is immortal, it must survive'? Now when Browning tells us that



The passion that left the ground to lose itself in  
the sky  
Is music sent up to God by the lover and the  
bard,  
Enough that He heard it once, we shall hear it  
by-and-by,

we understand ourselves to be moving in the realm  
of poetic fancy where truth is not always expressed  
in literal terms. But the avowed intention of this  
article is prosaic. It is to break down sentiment,  
as such, however beautiful. And so the question  
will out, What is the immortality of a love that  
never has had, never could have fulfilment? If  
love be immortal it must surely imply reunion. Is  
there anything more personal than love? It is  
not something that exists apart—it is not only  
personal, it demands the relation of two persons.  
If we are to dream of love separated from the heart  
that felt it, and from the person who called it into  
being, we have passed into a realm of shadows  
indeed.

Sentiment must be guarded by Reason and  
guided by Revelation. But in the light of Revela-  
tion the human hope is shown to have a Divine  
origin. Safeguard it by all means. Strip off the  
non-essentials. Let the transitory accidents, the  
earthly conditions, be put into the background.  
But still love is personal as well as eternal. And  
the fact that eternal life is eternal love—not empty  
and meaningless, but full and rich, not a *de novo*  
creation, but related intimately to the present exist-  
ence—compels the hope that, as love, here, may  
be very real and personal and yet be 'in Christ,'  
so yonder He may be the sum of love without  
destroying its individual meaning and relations.  
So we may still commit the heart-to-heart secrets  
of this life to a temporary grave in the confident  
hope that they too will have a glorious resurrection.

There! That is our secret: go to sleep!

You will wake, and remember, and understand.

A. E. PARKES.

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## II.

### 'These little ones.'

AH, GOD! If it may be!

—The children whom we lose on earth

Be ours for ever above!

—The fledgelings grow and leave the nest;

They wander far afield;  
In other lands they make their homes;  
With other mates they rear their broods;  
We cannot keep them ever by our side;  
And tho' the bonds are dear  
Of children's children on our knees,  
They are not ours alone, but also theirs  
—To whom, indeed, we grudge not any good,  
Yet memory brings those little arms  
—Their father's or their mother's—round our  
necks  
—Our own dear little ones, now grown apart.  
But when those little arms are loosed,  
When with dim eyes we fold the clothes  
The mother fingers made so lovingly,  
And sadly put them by,  
Ah, may it be  
That yet in heaven  
The children needed there for perfect bliss  
May be those little ones we lose on earth  
—Then were they ours for ever!  
And we should have such compensation rich  
For our great earthly sorrow!  
We shall be then—so spake Thy Holy Son—  
As angels are in heaven,  
And earth's relationships all glorified,  
Yet may we look for recognition sweet,  
And angels of earth's ages shall be there,  
And ours among them.  
Then surely shall they welcome us again,  
And nestle to our arms,  
And children be to us for evermore,  
Their growth the growth of heaven  
—An increase in their childish ministries  
Which none but child can give.  
Ah, God! We cannot know,  
Yet trust we still  
Their angels do behold the Father's face,  
And when we reach the heavenly land  
They'll minister His love to us,  
And shall be ours for evermore.

H. T. C. WEATHERHEAD.

Uganda.

### The Verb 'to shepherd.'

IN the original of the Old Testament and New  
Testament the verb 'to shepherd' is frequently  
used; but for some unknown reason the Anglo-  
Saxon equivalent is never used either in the  
Authorized or the Revised Version. In the New

Oxford Dictionary it finds a place as of modern and limited use, though implied in the verbal substantive 'shepherding' of earlier use. A study of the passages in which *רָעָה* occurs in the O.T. and *ποιμαίνω* in the N.T. will lead most readers to recognize the necessity, for adequate translation, of an equivalent verb. 'To shepherd' is a word of exceptional fullness of meaning. The origin of the Hebrew verb *רָעָה* is by Gesenius traced to the same stock as *רָאָה*, 'to look upon,' or 'oversee'—a very natural derivation, as a shepherd is one who looks after a flock. The ideas occur in an interesting combination in Ac 20<sup>28</sup> and 1 P 5<sup>2</sup>, where the *ἐπίσκοπος* is charged to be faithful as a *ποιμήν*, after the Chief Shepherd's example, 1 P 2<sup>25</sup>. The title 'shepherd' was commonly applied in ancient times to a king or 'ruler' of men, and so the verb came to be used in the general sense 'to rule'; another part of the shepherd's duty being to feed or pasture his flock, it was also used in the sense of 'to feed' and 'to feed upon.' But these were secondary uses from the original 'to shepherd'—the noun 'shepherd' being a participial form in Hebrew=one shepherding a flock, and including all that is a shepherd's duty to his flock. The context must always determine whether it is used in its full or its restricted meaning; but it should be recognized as having its full significance unless the context requires a specific sense. And in the usage of both the O.T. and N.T. the full significance is peculiarly rich and tender. What, in the divine use of it, it implies we may gather from Ezk 34 and Jn 10; what in man's experience it had proved, Ps 23 has sung to generations. There is no synonym for the verb 'to shepherd.' Only a pitiful pedantry could accept 'to tend' as its only recognized equivalent. A few illustrations will prove the necessity for a more adequate rendering. In blessing the sons of Joseph the dying Patriarch used the beautiful words, 'The God which *shepherded* me all my life long unto this day . . . bless the lads' (Gn 48<sup>15</sup>). What that meant on the lips of the old flockmaster, of constant care and toil and guarding day and night, we know from his own experience (Gn 31<sup>38-40</sup> 33<sup>13, 14</sup>, Jn 4<sup>12</sup>). Even had Jacob been as fond of 'savory meat' as his father—of which there is no evidence—he would hardly have spoken only of being 'fed' all his life long. Ps 78<sup>70-72</sup> should surely be translated, 'He chose David as his servant, and took him from

the sheep-folds: from following the ewes that give suck he brought him, to shepherd Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. So he shepherded them according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of his hands.' Similarly 2 S 7<sup>7</sup> and 1 Ch 17<sup>6</sup>. Mic 7<sup>14</sup> should read, 'Shepherd thy people with thy rod (*שֵׁבֶט*) as Ps 23<sup>4</sup>) . . . let them pasture in Bashan and Gilead, as in the days of old.' The prayer of Ps 28<sup>9</sup> is, 'Save thy people, bless thine inheritance; shepherd them also and carry them for ever': as the prophecy of Isaiah foretells, 'He shall shepherd his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that give suck.' The contrast in Ezk 34 between the true and the good shepherd is thus frequently emphasized. The repetition in v. 23, 'I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall shepherd them, even my servant David; he shall shepherd them, and he shall be their shepherd,' is evidently intended to assure God's flock of what His promised servant shall be to them. And in Jn 10 our Lord claims to be that true David and 'good shepherd,' and no self-seeking hireling. It is significant of David's penitence that he confessed his sin that as Israel's shepherd (2 S 24<sup>17</sup>) he had been their ruler, not their shepherd.

In the N.T. *ποιμαίνω* should in most of the eleven places where it occurs be rendered by 'to shepherd.' In Mt 2<sup>6</sup> the Revisers have rendered it, 'A governor who shall be shepherd of my people Israel'; and in Rev 7<sup>17</sup>, 'The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd.' How much simpler and kindlier the literal 'shall shepherd them.' In Jn 21<sup>15-17</sup> *Ποίμαινε* in v. 16 is distinguished purposely from *Βόσκει* in vv. 15, 17. Why is it not rendered 'shepherd my sheep'? 'Tend my sheep' is too poor a rendering. In 1 P 5<sup>2</sup> it should similarly be 'shepherd the flock of God' (and so also in Ac 20<sup>28</sup>). Evidently the thought of shepherding, in its true significance, is in Peter's mind throughout this chapter (vv. 4, 8) as in chap. 2<sup>25</sup>. He is speaking as one who having gone astray had been restored by the Chief Shepherd, 'ποτε ἐπιστρέψας στήριξεν τοὺς ἀδελφούς σου,' Lk 22<sup>32</sup> (note ἐπιστρέφω in Ps 23<sup>3</sup>, Ezk 34<sup>16</sup>, LXX, and στήριζω, 1 P 5<sup>10</sup>). Lk 17<sup>7</sup> should be rendered, 'Who is there of you having a slave ploughing or shepherding?' The R.V. changes the 'feeding cattle' in A.V. into 'keeping sheep.' But a flock-master is a 'keeper of sheep,' and our Lord's



question presses the distinction between the labourer at the plough and the shepherd with the flock, and their master. In 1 Co 9<sup>7</sup> St. Paul asks, 'Who shepherds a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock?' The R.V. retains the A.V., 'Who feedeth a flock, and eateth not,' etc. Feeding is but one of a shepherd's cares for his flock; and singling it out here is peculiarly unfortunate, as it reduces the apostle's appeal to a *quid pro quo* demand, contrary to the scope and spirit of his argument. The Corinthians did not feed him (vv.<sup>11, 12ff</sup>, 2 Co 12<sup>13</sup>). His spiritual shepherding meant far more than feeding (1 Co 3<sup>2</sup>), it cost him 'many a sorrow, many a labour, many a tear' (1 Co 4<sup>11, 12</sup>, 2 Co 2<sup>4</sup>). In Jude 12 the rendering 'feeding themselves' is appropriate as a quotation from Ezk 34<sup>2, 8, 10</sup>. In the three remaining passages, Rev 2<sup>27</sup> 12<sup>5</sup> 19<sup>15</sup>, ποιμαίνω is properly rendered 'rule,' as it is 'with a rod of iron,' for as we are reminded in Ezk 34 and Mt 25<sup>31ff</sup>, a shepherd is a divider of the flock. His tasks in guiding, guarding, and separating his flock are not always gentle, yet He is still the same shepherd (Rev 7<sup>17</sup>).

Among recent translators one or two have occasionally taken courage to use the verb 'to shepherd'; why not recognize it frankly as poets, and writers like Ruskin and Lowell and others? It is a word of special fulness and tenderness, and appeals to the heart as no synonym or substituted phrase can do.

ARCH. HENDERSON.

Crieff.

### Matthew xi. 12.

THE interpretation of the passage depends largely on the precise meaning given to the three words, βιάζεσθαι, βιάσθαι, and ἀπράζουσι.

βιάζομαι has been rendered thus, 'to be made the object of an impetuous movement'—a movement not so much impetuous in the sense of violent, as purposeful, determined to win its end.

Liddell and Scott translate βιαστής or βιατής as forceful, mighty, strong; not necessarily, I think, in a bad sense only—witness the combination of χερσὶ βιαταὶ with σόφοι in Pindar's first Pythian Ode.

ἀπράζω may quite well mean 'occupy,' 'grasp,' or even 'comprehend.'

Combining these renderings we have something like this: 'From the days of John the Baptist until

now, the kingdom of heaven is made an object of endeavour, and the strong take possession of it.' What have we here but an acknowledgment of the new note of virility in the teaching and religious standpoint of John, whose ideal of the kingdom was as something to be attained only after much striving and perhaps many blows.

Endeavour as we may to explain this passage, we can never transcend Bunyan's figure of the 'Palace.' This was the outcome of his own sturdy common-sense reading of these much-disputed words, 'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence.' Remember, too, how he wrote with his eye on the object, for in his day the winning of the kingdom was no easy task.

W. COWPER ROBERTSON.

Cleish.

### St. Luke xix. 8.

FROM time to time I am irritated by finding this verse, in which Zacchæus says: 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have wrongfully exacted ought of any man, I restore fourfold,' taken as indicating his usual practice and not as an evidence of his regret for a sordid and fraudulent past. The last of those to interpret his words in this way whom I have come across remarks in passing: 'The present tense would indicate a retrospective rather than a prospective rule.' Anything more imbecile in the way of interpretation I could not conceive. The whole point of the story is that this was a man of infamous reputation and that Jesus excited surprise and scandalized the people of the town by accepting or rather asking hospitality from him, and that this wonderful procedure on the part of the Saviour touched the heart and changed the life of the publican. Instead of this view of things we are asked by the above interpretation of his words to believe that he was a man of comparatively saintly life. But apart from this consideration the words themselves become ludicrous if taken as descriptive of his ordinary practice: for they would mean, 'I am in the habit of giving half my goods to the poor, and whenever I wrongfully exact anything I restore it fourfold.' I think if such a statement had been made, the natural reply would have been, 'It would be much better to give up wrongful exaction altogether.' Dr. Weymouth's translation of the passage seems to me very good: 'Here



and now, Master, I give half my property to the poor; and if I have unjustly exacted money from any man, I pledge myself to repay to him four times the amount.'

JOHN WILLCOCK.

Lerwick.

## The Patriotism of Jesus.

FROM early times the Church has had to meet the charge of holding an unsatisfactory position in regard to the claims of national life, and present events are leading men to demand of us that our ideal of life should show no grave *lacunæ*, needing to be filled up by appeals to other sanctions. It may be admitted that the practice of Christians is, in this respect, better than their doctrine, and, as a matter of fact, the influence of the Gospel always tends not only to chasten, but to intensify national character. We do need, however, a clearer definition of the Christian authority for Patriotism. Is it, or is it not the case, that our Lord had no word to speak to men upon this great subject? The present note is offered as supplementary to the treatment of Patriotism in the article 'Nationality,' *D.C.G.* ii. 231. Various passages from the Gospels are there cited to prove the patriotic attitude of Jesus Himself. There is one passage, however, which I would venture to add—Mt 25<sup>40ff.</sup>, 'Inasmuch as ye did it . . . my brethren . . . unto me,' etc. One is aware that Matt. has very much the character of a disciple's manual, and that words and addresses here are put together outside the occasions of their utterance. Yet it is surely permissible to accept the Gospel so compiled as a witness to the general mind of Christ. If we may do this, then the eschatological discourse in chaps. 24 and 25 falls into three fairly clear sections, showing the Parousia in relation to Israel, the Church, and the Gentile world respectively. The last-named section begins with the picture of the Son of Man coming in His glory to judge *the Gentile races*. (τὰ ἔθνη is often used in the N.T. in contradistinction to οἱ Ἰουδαῖοι, and in Ac 15<sup>17</sup>, following the LXX of Am 9<sup>12</sup>, we have, as here in Mt 25, πάντα τὰ ἔθνη, which our English versions render 'All the Gentiles.') 'These my brethren' are the Jews, and Jesus, even in forecasting His glory, identifies Himself with them—surely afford-

ing His followers a notable lead in Patriotism. This interpretation of the passage is, of course, not new and has often been lightly set aside. But in studying the relations of the Gospels with the O.T. Pseudepigrapha, amongst other points of contact in the whole passage before us, one has been struck with the connexion between Christ's word, 'Inasmuch . . . my brethren . . . me,' and the passage in *The Testament of Joseph*, i. 4-6:

'These my brethren hated me, but the Lord loved me.'

'I was beset with hunger, and the Lord Himself nourished me.

I was alone, and God comforted me:

I was sick, and the Lord visited me:

I was in prison, and my God shewed favour unto me.'

Here, the sufferings of Joseph (and those in Israel he represents) are the same kind of sufferings as those of the brethren of Christ in Mt 25. The language is so close that it is difficult to think that the Gospel does not deliberately borrow the phrases thus employed. And if this is the case, 'these my brethren' in Mt 25 are indeed the Jews, and Jesus identifies Himself with them, as we have already conjectured.

In one particular this interpretation may, perhaps, be qualified. Throughout *The Testaments* the figure of Joseph continually emerges, as representing that element in Israel which suffered unmerited trials. See especially *The Testaments of Benjamin*, iii. 8, in which Joseph is said to fulfil the law of vicarious sacrifice. In the conception of the author of *The Testaments*, Joseph appears as a righteous nucleus in Israel, suffering, like the servant of the Lord in Is 53, the just for the unjust. So also it would seem from Mt 25, despite Israel's prevailing unbelief, this nucleus survives as the true Israel, enduring through all the calamities of the Parousia, to be acknowledged in the end as His Kingdom by the Lord Himself. In this case the Patriotism of Jesus is seen in His self-identification with all the better elements in Israel, rather than with the entire nation. But this is only to define Patriotism a little more ethically.

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Edinburgh.



## Entre Nous.

### The Editing of an Encyclopædia.

In the *Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton* (elsewhere noticed) there is a letter from Watts-Dunton to the Editor of a certain encyclopædia, in which he says :

'Many a conversation I had, in the old days, with my dead friends who edited the ninth edition—Spencer Baynes and Robertson Smith—upon the enormous difficulties of editing that lofty work. Robertson Smith used to say in that quiet, humorous way of his, that to edit satisfactorily a large Encyclopædia required almost as happy a combination of the two opposite forces of the human mind—practical ability and speculative ability—as were needed to marshal an army and lead it into action. The practical side, he said, was exercised in finding the proper writers and dealing with their contributions without treading upon the authorial toe—the most sensitive kind of toe, he said, in the entire animal kingdom. The speculative ability was exercised in throwing the imagination forward to the far-off day when the last volume of the work should leave the binders.'

And Robertson Smith never had to edit an Encyclopædia throughout a European war.

The ninth volume of THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS is in the press.

### Katharine Tynan.

No one could have imagined that Katharine Tynan had said so many clever and quotable things. Here, in *Maxims from the Writings of Katharine Tynan* (Washbourne; 1s. net), is a saying for every day of the year, three hundred and sixty-five, and nearly every saying is witty as well as wise. Take two or three at random :

'It is the great thing about women : they have no consciences where their affections are engaged.'

'After all, God is good, God is very good. I could not have lived my life at all if I had not felt so convinced of the goodness of God.'

'Self-sacrifice is good in its way, but we must take care that we don't sacrifice ourselves to the detriment of others.'

'There's a mist that's over Ireland where the blackbird calls,

And when you come it's risin', and when you go it falls.

It's made of green and silver and the rain  
and dew,  
And the finest sun is over it you ever  
knew. . . .

Och, sure it isn't mist at all, except a mist o'  
tears,

A haze of love and longin' for the happy  
years,

When myself that's old and fretted now and  
colder than the stone

Was young in golden Ireland with the friends  
long gone.'

### Alexander Mackie.

A great teacher, although unconscious of his greatness, was Alexander Mackie. He was notable in other ways—as a gardener, as a fisher. But the service he rendered to education in the north of Scotland is his claim to remembrance and the meaning of this memorial volume. *Alexander Mackie : Prose and Verse* is the title of it (Aberdeen : Rosemount Press ; 2s. 6d. net).

The short memoir has been written by Mr. John Minto Robertson, M.A. He has written in the right spirit. No 'smarming' would have been tolerated by the living and it would have been an outrage on the dead. Here is the man as we knew him.

The contents will be a surprise to the uninitiated. The 'Verse' is of little ambition, but it is always well within the margin of the poetical. The 'Prose' is worth reading and re-reading. We shall quote a paragraph, and then a single stanza from a poem in the Aberdeenshire dialect.

### 'A TREE PLANTED BY THE STREAMS.'

'Afforestation is in the air, and our waste places will soon be crowded with rising firs and larches. This is well, but we should be careful to see that in the new departure the artistic side of tree life shall not be obliterated, and that in certain areas the beauty that comes from leaving trees to grow green and broad under natural conditions and without artificial restrictions, shall be preserved.

'One wonders why our preachers have not utilised this distinction for moral purposes. The solitary tree, growing by itself and with ample scope for



development in every direction, blown upon by every breeze, thrusting its roots deep, and its branches wide apart, is typical of that individuality, sturdy, independent, stalwart, and beautiful, which is rarer to-day than it was in previous centuries. The trees of the close-packed forest, slim, tapering, all of a uniform pattern, without individuality or marked idiosyncrasy, are an analogy to modern life in large cities. Our close-packed civilisation tends to make all citizens after one pattern. Individuality is sunk; we develop no knotty features; our roots are shallow; we have not buffeted with the winds and the storms; we are units in a crowd, as like as peas. We have rubbed off our knots and our gnarls, but we have lost something of the moral beauty that comes from independent development. Our value as commercial, wage-earning instruments is, perhaps, thereby increased, but our individuality of character as men is as certainly diminished.'

#### THE LOON FAE FOGGYLOAN.

He wore a muckle gravit and his beets were  
byous roch,  
His knickers warn a jist the shape to set a  
sturdy hoch.  
His cockit bonnet sat gey stiff upon his huddry  
heid,  
A stoot an' hardy gurr he wis, wi' cheeks like  
roses reid.  
He came to bide in Aiberdeen a month wi's  
Uncle John;  
Anither loon he wis fan he gaed back to  
Foggyloan.

#### Oxford Poetry, 1916.

The most remarkable thing about the little volume of *Oxford Poetry, 1916* (Blackwell; 1s. net) is that, while there are twenty-seven poets and fifty-three poems, not a poet nor a poem touches or is touched by the war. That is no cause for complaint, perhaps rather for thanksgiving, but it is a surprise.

Another remarkable thing is its evenness of inspiration. He would be a clever reviewer who would place this poem first and that poem last. So in making a selection we shall be fair to both sexes. The first is by Lilian L. Spencer; the second by Sherard Vines.

#### THE IN-COMING TIDE.

Somewhere are dim green silences, and peace,  
And cloud-fleets slowly marshalled o'er the  
blue,

And trails of liquid bird-notes, clear and true,  
With whirl of glancing wings that find release.

Where dawn-flushed roses scattered fragrance shed  
On swaying hare-bells' sheltered woodland  
dream,

And hush of twilight shrouds the darkening  
stream

As Night draws near, with silver-sandalled tread.

Oh! ship of dreams, borne in on hastening tide,  
Whose restless waves are sunless now, and cold,  
My heart is dumb, and suddenly grown old  
With lonely longing for the men who died.

#### EPIPHANY.

An hour of May for me  
Is true Epiphany,  
When the birds sing to us  
'Creator Spiritus,'  
And in each little nest  
The Lord is manifest;  
When thorn along the down  
Is white with holy crown,  
When plover scream and swerve,  
Who their master serve  
And all the brilliant wood  
Is breathing God,  
Now, no man may not see  
True Epiphany.

#### Willoughby Weaving.

A volume of poetry recommended by the Poet Laureate ought to catch on. Mr. Bridges makes no extravagant claim for Mr. Weaving, but he says that 'there can scarcely have been a more genuine and prolific poet in the trenches'; and he selected one of his poems for his own recently published Anthology. We shall select one also. Let it be this interpretation of an incident attributed by some interpreters to St. John:

#### ST. JOHN.

John, the beloved disciple,  
Leaned on Jesus' breast,  
And he knew what another disciple feared  
And ten but dimly guessed.



The broken fragment of bread he took,  
And tasted flesh in the food;  
And then he took the wine-cup,  
And bitterly drank blood.

And the calm strong words of Jesus  
Seemed tremulous and far,  
A motion of very desolate lips,  
The stifled voice of a star.

Alone he seemed in the Garden,  
Entranced at Jesus' side;  
And he felt his great heart broken,  
And his body crucified.

And they laid their hands upon him  
That would so boldly stay;  
But he left in their hands his garment,  
And naked he fled away.

The title of the book is *The Star Fields* (Blackwell; 5s. net).

#### S. Reid-Heyman.

The long unrhymed poem 'Ut Quid, Deus?' in Mr. Stephen Reid-Heyman's volume *A Vagabond's Wallet* (Blackwell; 2s. net) has poetry enough in it, and tragedy enough, for the success of any book. If the rest of the book is less tragical, it is all poetical—the work not so much of a master in an art as of a seer in a world of fierce reality. One of the few short poems is this sonnet:

Touch these mute lips, and waken them to sing  
Here in the weary Earth. My voice shall gain  
Such harmony from tumult, that the strong  
Sweet chords shall circle all the world. The  
pain  
Which weighs on Empires cannot check the  
strain  
Of utter gladness; nor the spirit rest  
In all its bitterness from the refrain,  
That what may come is evermore the best—  
Tho' Thy hand slay me still I count me blest.  
Pierce thro' this heart, oh! iron of my God!  
Lest I forget, lest I forget to bring  
My praises with my prayer. This very load  
Of dumb entreaty bids my song take wing.  
Strike with Thy Sword again, and waken me to  
sing.

#### Stephen Paget.

Mr. Stephen Paget has his own way with young people, and it is a very frank way. He does not object to their use of slang—if it is not swearing. 'Slang is the weeds of language: but weeds are beautiful: besides, they make beautiful contrasts: such as we admire when the croquet-lawn is silvered with daisies, and when poppies add their scarlet, and corn-flowers their blue, to a field of wheat. Nobody wants to hear you talk with the preciseness of a Dutch garden: it is far better to talk like a Devonshire lane: best of all, to avoid extremes, and be neither too stiff in your talk, nor too off-hand. Superfine English is the orchids and hot-house rarities of our language: good English is its open-air roses, lilies, and carnations: slang is its bindweed and ragged robin, thyme and meadow-sweet. Think what a wealth of slang is in Shakespeare. The young men in *Romeo and Juliet* are quick with it: even Hamlet does not despise it: Falstaff and his satellites are drawn together by it: King Henry v. is less delightful than Prince Hal, because he has left it off. Even the women of Shakespeare are not above it—Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind: nor does any tragedy refuse it a place of interlude and relief. Shakespeare without slang would still be poetry, but would not be Shakespeare.'

But he has his preferences even in slang. 'I prefer my *swagger* to your *swank*, and your *bounder* to my *cad*. I think that you have no word equivalent to my *swell*: for my *swell* was a gentleman, and your *nut* is not. I congratulate you on your apt use of *some* and *the limit*, and on your disuse of *hectic* and *chronic*.'

That is in the article on 'The Beauty of Words.' It is not an informing article—the last thought of Mr. Paget is to be informing. But it will be read and it will leave thoughts in the mind. So will the article on Handwritings, on the Way of Science, on Moving Pictures, and all the rest. And so will the very title of the book, *I sometimes Think* (Macmillan; 5s. net).

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